

THE CRITIC

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No. 2

The Lounger

YES, we made the mistake! It was Mr. Sargent's portrait of the president of Bryn Mawr and we said that it was Miss Beaux's. We knew better—no one can doubt that—it was merely a case of heterophemy. Of course our readers were shocked, because THE CRITIC is not given to that sort of thing, but they must remember that even Homer nods.

It is a rather curious coincidence that Mr. Howells follows Mr. James as the writer of the *North American Review* serial. In the old days, when these two writers were starting out on their careers, which they did at about the same time, their names were nearly always coupled. It was the latest book or the latest story by Howells and James that people were most interested in. Those were the days of "The Passionate Pilgrim," "Daisy Miller," "Suburban Sketches," and "Their Wedding Journey." Since those days Mr. James has changed his style entirely. Any one familiar with "The Bostonians" or "Washington Square," who should take up "For Mamie's Sake" or "The Ambassadors" without seeing the name of the author, would never for a moment suspect that they were written by the same man. The style of Mr. Howells has

changed very little. It has matured, perhaps, but you would spot him if you should read one of his stories in Sanskrit.

The new novel, by the way, "The Son of Royal Langbraith," a thoroughly Howellian title, opens more entertainingly than did "The Ambassadors," and is likely to have more readers. Mr. James writes for a small audience, Mr. Howells for a large one. It is a New England story with a Harvard undergraduate as its hero.

Mr. W. H. Rideing, who used to be connected with the *North American Review*, but has longer been known through his connection with *The Youth's Companion*, has just finished a novel, "How Tyson Came Home," which will be published by Mr. John Lane. This is Mr. Rideing's most important effort in the line of fiction. It tells a story of a Colonial Englishman who returns to his old home after a long absence "out West." I heard of another book not long ago that was to be written on this subject. It would be interesting if they had both come out at the same time.

Of lives of President Roosevelt there seems to be no end. Mr. Riis is run-



MRS. RICHMOND RITCHIE
(From her latest photograph)

ning one, "Theodore Roosevelt the Citizen," through the pages of *The Outlook*, and now Mr. Francis E. Leupp is about to publish "The Man Roosevelt" through Messrs. Appleton. If there is any side of our many-sided President that is not written about I should like to know which it is. "Roosevelt the Writer," "Roosevelt the Sportsman," "Roosevelt the Soldier," "Roosevelt the Statesman," we have had them all. A man who can be looked at from so many points of view is a godsend to the eager author.

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The accompanying picture of Mrs.

Richmond Ritchie is the latest and best that has been taken of her. It is reproduced from a private photograph made by Lord Battersea and is not to be had for love or money. Mrs. Ritchie was good enough to allow me to have a copy made from the photograph when I was in London last summer. That Mrs. Ritchie has resumed her Blackstick Papers in *THE CRITIC* is good news. I regret to say that they will not be regular but they will appear from time to time. Mrs. Ritchie does very little writing nowadays, more's the pity, but whatever she does will find its way into the pages of *THE CRITIC*.

M 70 U

Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. think well enough of Mrs. Pennell's story of her "Cookery Books" to bring it out in an edition limited to three hundred and thirty copies, with full-page mounted illustrations reproducing rare engravings and title-pages. Mrs. Pennell's collection of cook-books is known to every one who has had the pleasure of visiting her delightful apartment on Buckingham Street, overlooking the Thames, and any one who has eaten at her hospitable board knows that her knowledge of cookery is not confined to books. Mrs. Pennell is a delightful writer, and even if her subject was not so entertaining as that of cookery books, her book would be well worth reading.

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Every one knows that Mr. Conried is the manager of the Metropolitan Opera House, also of the Irving Place Theatre, but few know that he is an actor. Therefore they will be interested to see this portrait of him in a character he played in "The Red Robe," by Brieux.

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Mr. John Corbin, who writes so entertainingly and thoughtfully of the drama, in the columns of the *New York Times*, says: "Now is the chance for the young playwright," meaning the American playwright. Mr. Corbin says this because there have been so many poor plays on the boards this season and because some of them have been failures. Mr. Corbin is young and optimistic. If he thinks that the unknown American playwright has any better chance to-day than he had yesterday I am afraid he is mistaken. I do not believe that his chances are one whit better than they have been for a number of years. The managers will continue to buy the plays of the known playwrights in the face of failure. They prefer to be on with the old love rather than to coquette with the new, and as they are the people who produce the plays the young playwright must not take Mr. Corbin's words to heart, for if he does he is doomed to disappointment.



Photo by

HERR CONRIED AS AN ACTOR

Pach

Mr. James Gordon Bennett made a flying visit to New York some weeks ago. He was only here a few days, but while he was here he made arrangements to present a park to the city to be known as Bennett Park. It is to be dedicated to the memory of his father, James Gordon Bennett, the founder of the *Herald*. The park is really the old Bennett place at Fort Washington. It now is known by the unhistoric names of numbered streets, and extends from one hundred and seventy-first to one hundred and eighty-third street.

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The late Parke Godwin has been a

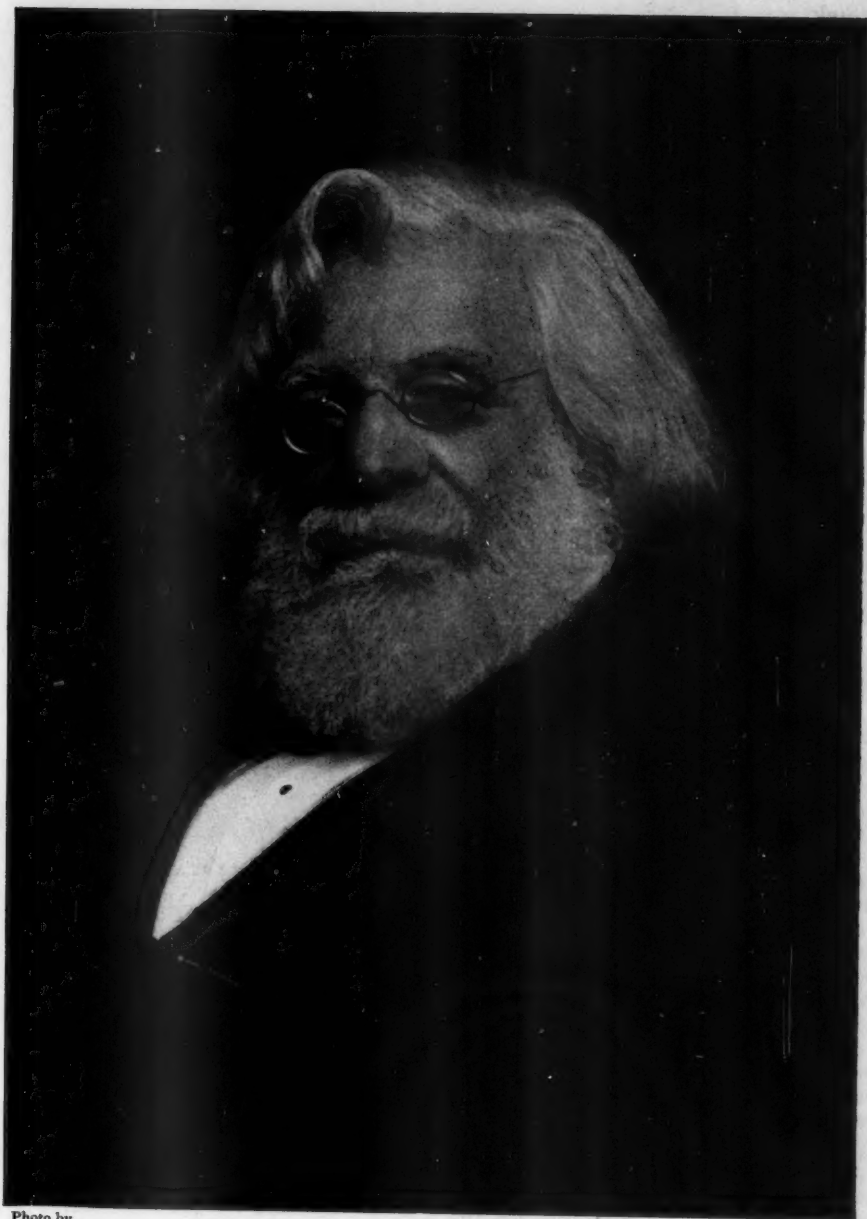


Photo by

Hollinger & Co.

THE LATE PARKE GODWIN

familiar and picturesque figure in New York for half a century and more. From the time he was a comparatively young man his hair and beard have been snow-white, so they did not change with age; and to those who knew him thirty years ago he seemed to look much the same up to the day of his death. Mr. Godwin, as is well known, married the daughter of William Cullen Bryant, and was associated with his father-in-law in the editorial department of the *Evening Post*. He was not only an editorial writer, but he was a frequent contributor to the magazines some years ago, notably *Putnam's Monthly* and the *Atlantic*. He edited and wrote a number of books, among the latter "The Life and Works of William Cullen Bryant," in four volumes, and "A New Study of Shakespeare's Sonnets." This latter, published in 1900, was his latest contribution to literature. Mr. Godwin was a graceful as well as forceful writer. Considering his gift for writing his output was very small.



The name of Parke Godwin has been associated with every movement in the direction of literature, art, music, and the drama, for the past half-century. In the old days of the Academy of Music his lionine head could be seen on every opera night, and later, when the opera moved to Fortieth Street and Broadway, Mr. Godwin followed it. He had the same seat year in and year out in the front row of the orchestra. He lived to a ripe old age, having been born in 1816, and he kept up his interest in public life to the very end.



The Century, in an early number, will begin a serial novel by Mr. Edwin Markham. "So Mr. Markham is going to drop into prose"? you say. Not at all. The novel is to be in verse, and will run through five numbers of the magazine. It deals with the adventures of Ponce de Leon. This is certainly a new departure. No magazine that I know of has ever printed a serial story in verse.

A lady from the West writes to me, apropos of a paragraph in *The Lounger* about fashion papers found on farmhouse tables, that a friend of hers who lives in the very far West told her that an Indian squaw sent her husband three miles, through a driving snow-storm, to the nearest settlement to bring her back the latest copy of *The Delineator*! Can the yearning for the fashionable in dress reach farther than this?



As is already known, "Monna Vanna" has been played at the Irving Place Theatre. It was not particularly well done because the lady who assumed the principal rôle did not fit it, or it did not fit her, one or the other. It now seems that Mr. Harrison Grey Fiske entered into negotiations with M. Maeterlinck several months ago, and was granted "the sole and exclusive right and authorization to produce 'Monna Vanna' or to have that play produced in all languages, except the French language, on the stage within the United States of America and the Dominion of Canada." Like the rights that I had in "Quo Vadis," Mr. Fiske's rights in "Monna Vanna" are only moral rights. I hope, however, that they will do him more good than moral rights in the great Polish novel did me. Mrs. Fiske will play the part of Monna Vanna in English, and costumes are being made abroad for her production. "Monna Vanna" will not be easy to play in English. I know of a very distinguished and popular actress who had its production under consideration, but decided against it, and I think that she was wise.



An interesting volume of sketches comes from Chicago and is the work of Miss Hazel Martyn. The inconsiderate might be betrayed into calling certain of these sketches amateurish, yet as a matter of fact they reflect not a little freedom and novelty of treatment. The subjects who have posed for Miss Hazel Martyn are, without exception, women,—invariably young



MISS HAZEL MARTYN

and variously gowned. No forlorn man has slipped by chance—or design—into this sheaf of beauty, which remains from cover to cover, and even on the cover,—dedicated to feminine seductiveness.

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Count Angelo De Gubernatis, professor of literature and of Sanskrit in the University of Rome, is now in America. He is to deliver the Percy Turnbull Memorial Lectures for the year 1904 at the Johns Hopkins University in Baltimore. The course will be delivered in French. It is rather

an interesting fact that the lecturer is an Italian and that he will lecture in French to an American audience. Count De Gubernatis is one of the most famous scholars in Italy. He is a voluminous author in several modern languages, though the field of Indian literature is the one that he has made particularly his own. His career has been more active than is usual with scholars, for he has taken an important part in politics. Count De Gubernatis will not be in this country any great length of time, but it is hoped that while he is here he will be heard in New York.

Mme. Sarah Bernhardt's "Memoirs," it is said, will soon be ready for publication by Messrs. D. Appleton & Co. Some interesting revelations are promised.

I was exceedingly amused [writes Grace Corneau in the *Chicago Tribune*] to learn the way in which Mme. Bernhardt is writing her "Souvenirs," which is not to write them at all, but to dictate them to Mayer, who is doing the scribe work on them, and as she never has a minute to herself, Mayer rushes to her house every day after luncheon just as she is about to mount in her yellow-wheeled cab in order to drive to her theatre, and climbs in with her. The dictation goes on between her home and the Sarah Bernhardt theatre, a half-hour's drive. There is not a busier woman in Paris than the divine Sarah. Every minute counts and she uses them all.

All Germany is in a state of excitement over the novelette called "Aus Einer Kleinen Garnison," by Lieut. Bilse. It seems that Lieut. Bilse lived in a little garrison town and wrote a novel founded on the life of the garrison, which was the life that he knew best. He told the truth about what he saw, and the consequence is that he has been thrown into jail, and the officers about whom he wrote have been transferred or dismissed until not one of the originals of his sketches remains in town. Meantime the publisher has got himself into trouble, and every copy of the book has been destroyed. This in Germany. In Austria it is having a large sale. An enterprising publisher of Vienna is printing it as fast as his presses will go. The F. A. Stokes Co. have the first English edition on the market.

Mr. Harold Begbie is contributing a series of sketches of public men to the *Pall Mall Magazine* over the general title of "Master Workers." In the December number Mr. John Morley was the "Master Worker" under consideration. Mr. Morley allowed himself to be interviewed by Mr. Begbie, and he said many interesting and valuable things. In discussing literature, he remarked that he would rather have passed Mr. Gladstone's Irish Land Act

than have written Locke's "Human Understanding":

Literature and politics ought to go together. The author has duties outside his study. * * * That was the tradition of my period at Oxford, and George Meredith drove it home into my mind afterwards in long walks over the Surrey hills. "Study Nature—live in the open," that was the burden of his song. And John Stuart Mill's message to me was, "Don't dream—act your part."

Mr. Paul E. More, for some time assistant editor of *The Independent*, has recently become the literary editor of the *Evening Post*. I congratulate Mr. More and I congratulate the *Evening Post*. Mr. More has already made himself felt in the literary department of that indispensable journal. He is printing literary news in its columns and he is printing literary letters written by such entertaining writers as Mr. Andrew Lang and Mrs. Elia W. Peattie. Mr. Lang writes from the other side of the water, Mrs. Peattie from Chicago. The touch that Mr. More has given to the literary department of the *Evening Post* is just what it needed.

Miss Blanche McManus has been good enough to send me a copy of an edition of "The Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyam," decorated by herself and privately printed "for subscribers and friends, at the De la More Press," London. Miss McManus, who is Mrs. Mansfield in private life, is one of our best decorators. She has a thorough knowledge of the art that she has chosen for her own. I have some fifteen or twenty editions of "The Rubaiyat," none of them illustrated with more genuine feeling for the poem than this.

Although Mrs. Margaret Deland was born in Pennsylvania she has lived most of her life in New England, having married a New England man; and it was in and of New England that she wrote her first novel, "John Ward, Preacher," which made such a stir several years



Gibson Art Galleries

Chicago

MR. PHILIP PAYNE

(See page 184)

ago. In "Old Chester Tales" and "Dr. Lavendar's People," however, she goes back to the region of her birth. Mrs. Deland's home is now in Boston, though she spends a large part of her time at her summer house at Kennebunkport, Maine. Some years ago THE CRITIC published a most interesting account of Mrs. Deland at home, written by her friend, Miss Lucia Purdy.



The above is the first portrait of Mr. Philip Payne to be published. It was made expressly for THE CRITIC. Mr. Payne's novel, "The Mills of Man," has made a notable impression. A new novel from his pen—"Duchess of Few Clothes"—will be published in March.

Mr. Henry Harland, who has been spending several months in this country, has returned to England, where he makes his home. Mr. Harland is one of three favorite American authors to choose Italy as a scene of action. Mr. Crawford broke the ground, Mrs. Wharton followed, and now comes Mr. Harland, who in "The Cardinal's Snuff Box" and "My Friend Prospero" shows that he knows Italy quite as well as he knows England or America. Indeed, I think he has caught the Italian atmosphere better than he has the American, though his American stories were of a phase of life with which but few of us are acquainted. "My Friend Prospero," which has been running through the pages of *McClure's Magazine*, will be on the market as a



MRS. MARGARET DELAND

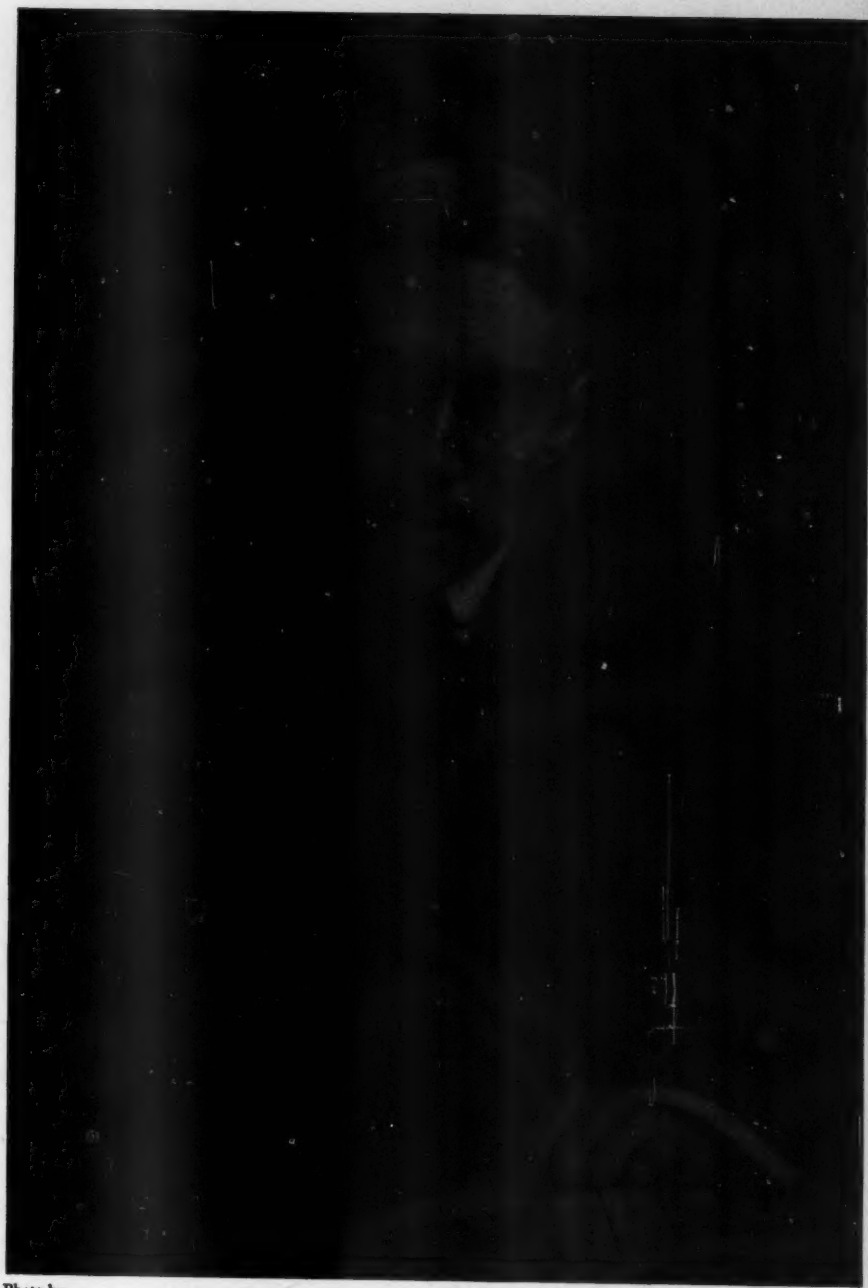


Photo by

F. Hollyer, London

MR. HENRY HARLAND



"O. HENRY"

book by the time this paragraph is printed. The accompanying portrait of Mr. Harland is the latest one taken of him, and is the work of that admirable London photographer, Mr. F. Hollyer.

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Less than a year ago the readers of popular magazines began to be startled and delighted by certain fantastic and ingenious tales, mainly dealing with Western life and bearing the strange

device "O. Henry" as a signature. In a short time people began to talk to each other about the stories, and very soon they began to ask who the author was. It was then that a new problem fell upon this over-puzzled age,—who is "O. Henry"? No one seemed to know the author's real name, and immediately vague and weird rumors began to be afloat and the *nom-de-guerre* was soon invested with as much curiosity as surrounds an author after his decease. But, like most mysteries,



MR. DUSTIN FARNHAM
(As The Virginian in Mr. Owen Wister's Play of that name)

when it was probed there was no mystery about it. "O. Henry's" real name is Mr. Sydney Porter, a gentleman from Texas, who, having seen a great deal of the world with the naked eye, happened to find himself in New York about two years ago, and there discovered a market where people would buy stories of his experiences. Being of a lazy disposition he very naturally quitted active life and took to his desk. He signed the name "O. Henry" merely because he did not take his real self seriously as a maker of fiction. He really does shun notoriety—a most unusual characteristic among present-day writers—and he disclaims any intention of having purposely created a mystery about his identity. But he is still not too old to become a professional.

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Mr. Owen Wister's novel, "The Virginian," has been dramatized, and is being played at the time of this writing at the Manhattan Theatre. The play as a play has not made as favorable an impression as has the acting of Mr. Dustin Farnham in the rôle of the Virginian. Mr. Farnham fills the bill absolutely. If he can play other parts as he plays the part of the Virginian his success as an actor is assured.

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Princess Mathilde, who died last month in Paris, will be greatly missed from the French world of art and letters. She was the daughter of Jerome Bonaparte, King of Westphalia, and so aunt of Mr. Charles Joseph Bonaparte of Baltimore. For more than half a century her salons have been the resort of the cleverest men in Paris, and that means Europe. The elder Dumas was her old-time friend and she lived to be the godmother of his great-grandchildren. Sainte-Beuve belonged to her circle, and so did Théophile Gautier, the brothers Goncourt, and Edmond About. In later years Victorien Sardou was often seen at her house. She



PRINCESS MATHILDE

was the patron and friend of all unfortunate painters, sculptors, authors, and musicians, among whom she was known as the good princess. She had a special interest in drawing and painting and herself made many clever book illustrations, besides taking several medals for her water-colors. Princess Mathilde was never particularly fond of women, and it is told of her that on one occasion she said to a group of men: "We could not be talking as we are now if there were any ladies present." This portrait, which is from a rare photograph taken about the year 1867, shows the Princess in her prime, during the heyday of the Second Empire.

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The serial that begins its course in the January number of the *Atlantic* is written by Mr. Robert Herrick, of the University of Chicago. To have a



Photo by

Miss Ben Yusuf

MR. ROBERT HERRICK

novel run through the pages of the *Atlantic Monthly* is a distinction that many an older writer might envy. The *Atlantic* is famous for discovering new authors. Amelie Rives, Charles Egbert Craddock, and Mary Johnston are among those who were introduced to the public in recent years through the pages of the *Atlantic*. Of course, if you go further back you will find that most of the great writers of America were introduced through the *Atlantic*, so that for an author to contribute a serial to that magazine means something more than it might mean in other circumstances. The title of Mr. Herrick's novel is "The Common Lot," and the opening chapters give promise of an interesting story. The scene opens in Chicago, but whether it will be laid in Chicago to the end I do not know. Chicago is a good place to start out from.

What is one to believe in these days? All our cherished ideals are being shattered by modern investigation or modern bumptiousness. We had no sooner settled down to the belief that oatmeal was the most wholesome thing that we could eat than an English physician rises up in his might and brands it as "a national curse." Some of the most horrible diseases known to man he lays at the door of oatmeal, rickets being one of them. People who feed their children on oatmeal, he declares, are literally starving them. Personally it is no deprivation to me to do without oatmeal, as I never eat it, not that I have any objection to it, but I prefer a boiled egg to a cereal for my breakfast; so, as far as I am concerned, the English physician has done no harm. The German doctor, however, who comes out and tells us that we are dirty if we are clean would add to my unhappiness if I believed him. I have heard his arguments before. People who are too lazy to bathe tell you that too much bathing does not make you clean. It opens the pores, they say, in which dust, dirt, and the ever-present microbe secrete themselves. Undoubtedly the enemy of oatmeal

will make converts, but I do not think the enemy of cleanliness will add any more converts to his ideas than those who, from a constitutional preference for uncleanness, already practise them.

The subject of reading in bed has been very much discussed of late owing to Lord Rosebery's recommendation to people who suffer from insomnia to read Cockburn's letters to his gardener. These letters, he says, he would put "among that rare collection of books which people could enjoy by their bedside, not as literary opiates, but because they were pleasant and healthy to read, which they could break off at any minute when they felt drowsy, and which left a pleasant impression on them when they laid them down." This suggestion acted upon the doctors as the sight of a red flag upon a bull. They rose in their might and declared reading in bed to be a vicious habit; as "bad as taking drugs," as bad as anything that is bad. Perhaps it is if indulged in to any great extent. I have heard of people who have had no end of trouble with their eyes because they would read in bed, but they probably did not read in the right way. If they lay flat on their backs and held their books up directly over their eyes they brought upon themselves the troubles that their carelessness deserved; but you need not tell me that to read in bed with your back well braced against a pillow or two and a good light over your left shoulder can do any harm. It is no more harmful than sitting up in a chair to read. I have all my life arranged my bed and bedroom light so that I could read after retiring, but I have never indulged in that luxury. I have tried to, but the moment I begin to read I fall asleep, it does not make any difference what the book may be. I do not believe I could read a page of the most thrilling adventures in those circumstances without dozing. I am sorry, because it seems like such a delightful way of reading, but I have never been able to indulge in it.

An English librarian who has studied the subject from a practical point of view has written to the London *Daily Mail*, giving size of type and proportions of the ideal "bed book." It is as follows:

Paper: Pure white with rough surface.

Type: Small pica Roman.

Weight: 12 oz. to 16 oz.

Depth: $6\frac{1}{2}$ inches.

Width: 5 inches.

Margin at top: $\frac{3}{4}$ inch

Margin at each side: $1\frac{1}{4}$ inches.

Margin at bottom: $1\frac{3}{4}$ inches.

Quantity of letterpress: 4 inches deep, $2\frac{1}{4}$ inches wide.

"Flexibility," he adds, "is an important consideration." And there he is quite right, for a book that does not open easily and stay open is worse than no book at all for reading in bed, or at any time. Reading in bed is an English and American habit. In France

they may not read in bed; they do something which is much worse and which will never become common in Anglo-Saxon countries—they read in the bath! In the first place, I doubt if English or Americans take warm baths, and certainly no one would think of staying long enough in a cold bath to read a novelette, much less a novel. The French bathe in warm water, and as baths are not as common in French houses as they are with us when they once get into a tub they stay there and soak. It is while enjoying the warmth of the water that they read. I remember seeing a sign in a bookshop in Paris to the effect that the proprietor made a specialty of "books for the bath." I did not look over his list, but I take it for granted that they were books of a light and airy nature, for one would hardly pursue philosophic or scientific studies while submerged in a tub of warm water.

The Late Margaret Sullivan

A Rare Journalist and Rarer Woman

By Annie Nathan Meyer

NOW and then, few and far between, one meets a woman who sums up all the peculiar virtues that we like to think of as "manly," at the same time without yielding one of the subtle charms and graces of "womanliness." Such a rare woman was Margaret Sullivan, of Chicago, whose death is reported in the papers of December 29th. She was pre-eminently self-reliant and to be relied upon—a woman who would never offer excuses, but meet her obligations in the face of the greatest difficulties—difficulties surmounted with a cheerful serenity and dignified reticence. Her splendid intellect seemed ever at the call of an indomitable will, and a tireless body; her temperament was the merriest, sunniest in the world, her sense of loyalty, of fair-play, and honor the most exquisite.

The fairies had lavished the most contradictory gifts upon her—for here were earnestness and delightful fun, an accurate knowledge of details, and a splendid grasp of principles, an unfailing optimism tempered by an incisive judgment, the tenderest sympathy ennobled by disinterested candor. In saying this, I have said she was the perfect friend.

Wherever she was, she was certain to be the life of the group that swiftly formed about her. Brilliant, sparkling with life, yet she possessed that potent, womanly charm, restfulness. Alive at every pore, doing an immense day's work, yet she was never hurried, always completely given to the friend who for the moment happened to possess her. A big, comfortable-looking woman, her broad shoulders—shoulders

that frequently shook with her hearty laughter—were just made for resting on, and the great blue eyes twinkled in the most wonderful way—truly the most wonderful eyes in the world. It is almost impossible to think of them closed in death. Merry, frank, honest, searching, it always seemed to me it would be easier to face anything than scorn and contempt in those eyes.

An admirable raconteur, with too much humor to be a mere monologist, with plenty of human give and take, she was listened to breathlessly whenever she chose to indulge in racy reminiscence or to tell any of her large stock of good stories. I remember one in particular she was very fond of telling, a story of her strenuous days in London, when she was following the struggle of the Bill for Home Rule then before Parliament. Night after night found her at her post as the crisis approached, awaiting it with passionate intensity (did I forget to say she was Irish?). At last a gentleman approached her late one evening and assured her there was no use staying any longer, as the House would never come to a vote that night. She was loth to leave—I think it was her third night without sleep,—yet seeing he was so positive, she asked his authority for his statement. It was then revealed that he had noticed her intense interest and supposed—like him—she was so ardently awaiting—a vote on the *Deceased Wife's Sister Bill*!

Another good story, never, so far as I know, before told, has to do with a New York woman who took a prominent part in the World's Fair Congress. A warm friend and admirer of Mrs. Sullivan, and supposing her to be still connected with the *Chicago Tribune*, she ordered it daily, but secretly preferred to get the news from the more condensed columns of the *Chicago Herald*. She was also impressed with

its vigorous and able editorials on various timely topics. At a hint from Mrs. Sullivan, she scanned daily the pages of the *Tribune* for some reference to herself, but in vain, while to her surprise the *Herald* frequently mentioned her, even going so far as editorially calling her one of the three really distinguished women of the Congress. Her disappointment at the silence of the *Tribune* was tempered by her elation at the discernment of the other paper, which was free from motives of friendship.

One day—incautiously forgetting the presence of Mrs. Sullivan, the New York woman recommended the *Chicago Herald* to an Eastern friend. Catching sight of the twinkle in Mrs. Sullivan's eyes, she guiltily added: "Of course the *Tribune* is the paper to read, the best editorials and all that, but the *Herald* is more condensed and quicker to skim over."

The twinkle grew merrier. A sudden horror seized the friend, who well knew the language of those expressive eyes.

"You do still write for the *Tribune*?" she asked.

"No, not for some years," was the quiet response. "I am now writing entirely for the *Herald*. I do most of the editorials."

The friend gasped.

"I was sorry to hear you apologize to your friend for reading it," the even voice continued, a smile deep down in the heart of it, the eyes now fairly riotous.

The friend broke down and confessed, amid peals of laughter, the whole truth, her eager scanning of the pages of the *Tribune*, her disappointment, her delight in being "discovered" by the *Herald*, her secret admiration of the *Herald*, and daily devotion before its editorial shrine.

And Margaret Sullivan was big enough and wise enough to know which story to believe.



The Hatchet and the Cherry-Tree

By JOSEPH RODMAN

FEBRUARY being the birth-month of Washington, it may not be inappropriate to reproduce here the earliest printed version of that most famous story of George, the cherry-tree, and the little hatchet.

The story, which first saw the light of print in 1808, was for many years a serious matter, and not, as it is now, the subject of idle quip and irreverent jest. It was illustrated with severe and moral wood-cuts; the caricaturist dared not assail it. The tale appeared in a very popular life of the Father of his Country, written by an itinerant clergyman named Mason L. Weems, who is generally suspected of having invented the story out of whole cloth. In a letter to a friend, he admits having introduced into his biography several stories, not necessarily authentic, but tending to embellish the work and to have a beneficial effect upon the reader.

Historians are inclined to treat the cherry-tree anecdote as a myth. In Washington Irving's voluminous "Life," published in 1859 by G. P. Putnam & Co., the story receives no consideration whatever. Prof. Alexander Johnston called it "quite apocryphal." In the more recent "George Washington" of Prof. Woodrow Wilson the hatchet and cherry-tree are not mentioned.

Five years ago, Mr. R. T. H. Halsey, in his book on blue Staffordshire pottery, described a rough earthenware mug, apparently made in Germany between 1770 and 1790, which was decorated with a quaint illustration of the cherry-tree story. A youth, attired in clothes similar in color and design to those worn by the Continental soldiers, was depicted standing near a felled tree. A large hatchet, the letters "G. W.," and the numerals "1776" also appeared.

The collector declared that the genuineness of the specimen was unquestioned. The fact that the decorations were beneath the glaze proved, he said, that they had not been added in recent

years. He suggested that the famous story might have been current long before Weems flourished, and might have been wafted across the Atlantic during Revolutionary times, to be enshrined in this rough stoneware mug.

Weems attributes the story to "an aged lady, who was a distant relative, and, when a girl, spent much of her time in the family" of the Washingtons. She related it to Weems some years before the publication of his book.

It will be seen that the clergyman makes the narrator follow Plutarch's example in reporting supposedly *verbatim* her hero's words.

THE FIRST PRINTED VERSION

"When George," said she, "was about six years old, he was made the wealthy possessor of a *hatchet*! of which, like most little boys, he was immoderately fond; and was constantly going about chopping everything that came in his way. One day, in the garden, where he often amused himself hacking his mother's pea-sticks, he unluckily tried the edge of his hatchet on the body of a beautiful young English cherry-tree, which he barked so terribly, that I don't believe the tree ever got the better of it. The next morning the old gentleman, finding out what had befallen his tree, which, by the by, was a great favourite, came into the house; and with much warmth, asked for the mischievous author, declaring at the same time, that he would not have taken five guineas for his tree. Nobody could tell him anything about it. Presently George and his hatchet made their appearance. 'George,' said his father, 'do you know who killed that beautiful little cherry-tree yonder in the garden?' This was a *tough question*; and George staggered under it for a moment; but quickly recovered himself: and looking at his father, with the sweet face of youth brightened with the inexpressible charm of all-conquering truth, he bravely cried out, 'I can't tell a lie, Pa; you know I can't tell a lie. I did cut it with my hatchet.'—'Run to my arms, you dearest boy, cried his father in transports, run to my arms; glad am I, George, that you killed my tree; for you have paid me for it a thousand fold. Such an act of heroism in my son is worth more than a thousand trees, though blossomed with silver, and their fruits of purest gold.'"

Books that have Passed the Hundred Thousand Mark

By HARRIET MONROE

Author of "The Columbian Ode," "The Passing Show," Etc.

WHAT is it that sells a book? The effort to answer this question is like the construction of a "system" for winning at faro, and its influence upon certain authors and publishers is quite as demoralizing. Legitimate profits cease to allure before the prospect of immense returns for a small stake, and thus certain classes of manuscripts are written and printed, not in the way of art or business, but in the spirit of a huge gamble.

No wonder that both authors and publishers feel the temptation—there is something appalling in the modern figures. To heap up—how many is it?—seven hundred thousand "David Harums," for example, in one huge mountain of printed paper and yellow cloth binding, and try to picture in one's mind the prodigious fact that each unit of these myriads has been run through a number of strong machines, has been carefully put together by many pairs of skilful hands, has travelled many miles and been exchanged for a good hard dollar, has been pored over and laughed over by at least three or four living human beings—to do this is to carry one's mind beyond the limit of reason to some staggering, haunted region of mysteries and miracles. Manifestly this book has entered into millions of lives, has warmed the cockles of millions of hearts, has become a familiar episode in the national consciousness.

The reason feels baffled and outdone. Once more she opens the book in a desperate effort to understand. What does she find?—a lame little love-story circling around a shrewd and kindly old fellow who loves horses and children and whose impregnable democracy cannot be dazzled by the splendor of Newport swells. An honest, homely,

virtuous story, plainly told, with an honest laugh in it, and even an honest tear for the credulous, and with never a difficult sentence nor an idea inaccessible to the most untrained minds. Perhaps this would make a strong appeal to some average city man with a country youth behind him, to some average farmer who is himself, or thinks he is, shrewd and kindly, with a love of horses and children, and with a democratic trust in his ability to sit with kings. And if to one such, why not to millions, once the book is started down that long and dark and circuitous road which reaches, not the reading public, but the unreading one?

And so this fashion of large numbers might be accounted for in detail. It began, perhaps, with "Ben Hur," which, because it handles familiarly the life of Christ, may long hold its lead. "Looking Backward" appealed to the public sense of public wrongs, and "Trilby" to the prevalent half-timorous interest in hypnotism. Certain books of religious admonition easily pass the million mark—"Science and Health," for example, falls from the presses as numerous as autumn leaves. And the humorists could tell large tales—Mark Twain, perhaps, or the wise Mr. Dooley, whose cheerful sermonettes reach a larger audience than even those of the Rev. Mr. Sheldon, the author of "In His Steps."

But if we narrow down our inquiry to the recent story-books whose sale has reached six figures, we shall still have a long list. The following titles scarcely complete it, but they show the trend, and they are vouched for, figures and all, except in two or three instances, in signed statements of publishers. I classify them roughly according to the nature of their appeal:

Books of every-day life :

| | |
|--|---------|
| "David Harum," by Westcott..... | 727,000 |
| "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch," by Alice Hegan Rice..... | 345,000 |
| "The Virginian," by Owen Wister..... | 250,000 |
| "Lovey Mary," by Alice Hegan Rice.... | 188,000 |
| "The Birds' Christmas Carol," by Mrs. Wiggin..... | 100,000 |
| "The Story of Patsy," by Mrs. Wiggin... | 100,000 |
| "The Leopard's Spots," by Thos. G. Dixon, Jr..... | 125,000 |

Religious :

| | |
|--|---------|
| "Black Rock," by Ralph Connor..... | 400,000 |
| "The Choir Invisible," by James Lane Allen..... | 250,000 |
| "The Sky Pilot," by Ralph Connor..... | 200,000 |
| "The Man from Glengarry," by Ralph Connor..... | 160,000 |
| "The Reign of Law," by James Lane Allen | 150,000 |

Romantic :

| | |
|---|---------|
| "Richard Carvel," by Winston Churchill | 400,000 |
| "The Crisis," by Winston Churchill.... | 400,000 |
| "Graustark," by G. B. McCutcheon..... | 300,000 |
| "The Eternal City," by Hall Caine..... | 175,000 |
| "Dorothy Vernon," by Charles Major.... | 150,000 |
| "The Manxman," by Hall Caine..... | 113,000 |
| "When Knighthood was in Flower," by Charles Major..... | 400,000 |
| "To Have and to Hold," by Miss John- ston..... | 300,000 |
| "Audrey," by Miss Johnston..... | 165,000 |
| "The Helmet of Navarre," by Bertha Runkle..... | 100,000 |
| "The Jungle Books," by Rudyard Kipling | 174,000 |
| "Eben Holden," by Irving Bacheller.... | 400,000 |
| "Wild Animals I Have Known," by E. Thompson-Seton..... | 100,000 |
| "The Cavalier," by Geo. W. Cable..... | 150,000 |
| "Gordon Keith," by Thos. Nelson Page.. | 200,000 |
| "Hugh Wynne," by Weir Mitchell..... | 125,000 |

The first two groups overlap and merge, for it is the common people's life—their humor and pathos, their faith and doubt, their love and sufferings and triumphs—which all these books set under the rose-light of sentimentality. The third group, on the contrary, carries the people into a world that never was, and turns the rose-light upon an impossibly strenuous past, or an even more impossibly strenuous present—a world as remote as possible from the workaday one wherein the plain people live.

For it is the plain people who buy these books—the vast American average, the immense concourse of farmers, mechanics, business men, who are beginning to learn the A B C's of literature. They are graduating from the weekly newspaper and the penny-dreadful magazine; they are losing their Puritan terrors of novels, and asking to be amused. They carry the burdens, do the hard work of the nation: their amusement must be easy and obvious—chromos and pianolas, vaudevilles and farces and exciting tales. Why should they care for art—for the handling of a brush, the turn of a phrase, for that mastery of character and incident and craftsmanship which delights people less simple and more sensitive?

I confess that a glance over these books which the people love puts me more and more in love with the people. Not for their taste—who ever fell in love over a question of taste?—but for their great-hearted simplicity and goodness, their child-like trust in old ideals. Life may have used them ill—they may have worked hard for slight reward or none, but they will not accept a book or a play which mirrors the sternness of their lot. They must have virtue rewarded and love triumphant, brave hearts facing and conquering danger. They must have children who laugh and cry, and who sometimes die an early death to the pointing of obvious morals. They must have dogs and horses, or even wild beasts from mountain or jungle—beasts more nobly human than humanity in their panoply of strength and virtue. They must have swords and bold adventures, pageants full of banners, jewels, and silken garments, of kings and queens and "dicers' oaths," of "albeits" and "jades" and "'t woulds." They must have the religion of their fathers, its sternness softened to a vague tolerance; or else the modern doubts in a sentimental dilution which will not disturb too swiftly and strongly the peaceful repose of unthinking brains. They will not tolerate weakness or incompleteness or lubricity or sordidness, or the follies and ironies of destiny, or

fine shades or low relief, or vice sated and triumphant, or love permanently unhappy. Their world must be well made "to the punishment of wickedness and vice and the maintenance of Thy true religion and virtue." And the author who presents its divergences from this ideal is not for them—no, though he have the style of a Henry Fuller or the delicate vision of a Henry James.

Art, of course, has nothing to do with the case. If a bit of literature like the "Jungle Book" slips into this list of the people's favorites, it is because of, not its beauty, but its appeal to some deep and universal instinct of the popular imagination—as, in this case, man's kinship and comradeship with beasts. The imagination—that must be thrilled if your book would pass an hundred thousand; and as I read on I am more and more amazed, not at the weakness of this divine quality in our people, but at its strength and hardihood. Surely it requires more imagination to rejoice in a bad book than a good one. The poor author's shifts and evasions, his paltriness and meagreness, his tricks and insincerities, must be o'erleaped and transcended; we must speed beyond him to heights he never reached, whereas the great writer goes with us to the mountain-top, or peradventure goes alone, while we stand watching dizzily, staggered and outdone. The master assists our imagination by every device of his efficient art; his very achievement does the work for us. Who fails to be convinced by the queens of Shakespeare?—Lady Macbeth, Queen Katharine, Cleopatra—the royalty of these needs no help from us. But to make queens out of the noisy shop-women whom certain writers try to crown—that requires a vigor of imagination, a primitive keenness of creative energy, which, properly directed, would make over the world. No wonder we have leaped the Pacific and taken all the Americas under our wing—for surely we are a nation of dreamers!

The great heart of the nation is still in the beginning of its development.

It is still a little child who prefers its rag-doll to the most finely wrought and elaborate toys. There is something incongruous in this over-young confidence; a people of our national strength and hardihood should cast away rag-dolls and dream the dreams of manhood. Incongruous, and pathetic also; imaginations so responsive should not be so easily fooled. We who think ourselves more knowing can endure the popularity of "The Virginian" and "Mrs. Wiggs," because these seem honest books honestly made, by writers who believe in themselves, their characters, and their public, who try to represent life almost as they see it and to do the best they can for literature. They do not see quite straight, they overstrain the note and sentimentalize, and they are usually guiltless of style; but they show human sympathy, a shrewd wit, and a clever knack at a story; and now and then one of them reaches a higher level of truth and art, gives the reader a moment of rude power and beauty, as in the lynching scene of "The Virginian."

Any honest book, in short, may be endured, even though it sell a million: it is the fraudulent one that "gets on our nerves." The artist who writes down to the public, and the artificer who deals in counterfeit wares—these are the two classes of literary money-makers whose success, even though it be merely the hue-and-cry of a day, is a temptation to young writers and a menace to the sincerity of art.

Mr. James Lane Allen, for example, was an artist—"The Kentucky Cardinal" proved that: what does he mean by all this wishywashiness of sentimentality and religiosity which delights the crowd in "The Reign of Law" and "The Choir Invisible"? How did he learn—he whose ears should be deaf to such clamor—that such a weak dilution of the modern questions would appeal to the great childlike heart of the nation, which is beginning to heed from afar the protest of science against dogma? Could he not leave this compounding of patent medicines to some one else,—some writer of Sunday-school books,

like Mr. Ralph Connor,—he who had glimpses of the immaculate beauty, the impregnable truth? What has corrupted him—the microbe of popularity or the microbe of money—so that even his style has caught the disease, even his metaphors send out feelers to entrap the public? Here is a trope, for example, chosen at random from "The Choir Invisible"; one which the author must have written with a sneering sense of tricking the crowd with sham eloquence:

A jest may be the smallest possible pebble that was ever dropped into the sunny mid-ocean of the mind; but sooner or later it sinks to a hard bottom, sooner or later sends its ripples toward the shores where the caves of the fatal passions yawn and roar for wreckage.

Note the apparent profundity of the thought, the appealing familiarity of the image, the tragic sound of it all, with its "sooner or later," its "shores" and "caves," its "fatal passions," its "yawning" and "roaring." The bucolic mind is as easy a prey to such literary trickery as to the shell game or other dodges of the confidence-man; and the advantage of its innocence which the clever author takes is quite as dishonest.

Other artists may be found in this ever-lengthening list, but few are represented by works which prove their quality. Perhaps Kipling is the only one whom the people have loved at his best; for Mr. Cable would not make so extravagant a claim for his "Cavalier," and Mr. Page's "Gordon Keith" rings very hollow indeed. Mrs. Wiggin, with her changing moods of merriness and pathos, is an artist at times in a vein of caricature which the people always like; and one or two others among the writers of every-day stories touch occasionally that same vein of a metal which, if not precious, is yet genuine.

It is among the romantic writers that one finds more frequently the counterfeit, the fraudulent. Some of these are as innocent of art as a door-nail, but as

keen for market values as a Wall Street broker. With what a tawdry collection of cast-off properties such an artificer must sit down to construct a popular romance! He gathers about him swords and crowns and velvet gowns; forests primeval and castles mediæval and wars and wounds and hair-breadth 'scapes; incredibly lively heroes and heroines; great men and women of the past—kings, queens, warriors, presidents even, drawn to the popular taste from shop-girl and walking-gentleman and heavy-comedian models; and all these and more he leads through a tangled maze of impossible adventures to a grand climax of happy marriages and live-happily-ever-afters. These things he knows the public likes just now and pays for, no matter how shabby the disguise; and so he works them over and over, and pockets the resultant dollars as blandly as any other dealer in adulterated wares.

Some of these romancers, especially the ladies, take themselves more seriously, and toil through their thousand pages with a solemn intention of producing literature; and now and then a prodigious egotist like Mr. Hall Caine may even believe he does produce it. But more often one detects in these writers simply the unscrupulous business man in a new and rather awkward pose—the pose of a man of letters.

There is something beguiling about the innocence of a people which blithely accepts this sort of thing; and something piteous, like the plight of a child who asks for bread and gets, not a stone, but dough—dough made of adulterated flour and sugar, of ancient eggs and butter, and half-baked to a semblance of cakiness warranted to deceive. Children have been known to survive even such diet and grow up to an epicurean taste for truffles and terapin; and so our honest, high-hearted fellow-countrymen may outgrow their delight in the crude and the false and the half-done, and advance to a sensitive adult appreciation of literature and art.

Blackstick Papers. No. VIII.*

By MRS. RICHMOND RITCHIE

I

ZOFFANY once painted a picture of two charming little sisters in a garden playing with a big dog: one girl sits on the stump of a newly felled tree holding back the great retriever with a pretty warning finger outstretched; the other sister stands beside her, with a merry questioning look in her dark eyes. The two are little girls of the eighteenth century, and they wear the walking dress of that time—the low frocks and elbow sleeves, also Georgian shoes and large buckles; their odd feathered toques are not unlike those that are now in fashion.

If I have picked up a few recent anecdotes on our common [writes Horace Walpole, some years later, in 1788], I have made a much more—to me—precious acquisition. It is the acquaintance of two young ladies of the name of Berry, whom I first saw last winter, and who accidentally took a house here with their father for the season. . . .

Then he goes on to describe them to his correspondent, Lady Ossory:

The best informed, the most perfect creatures I ever saw at their age. They are exceedingly sensible [he says], entirely natural and unaffected. . . . The eldest, I discovered by chance, understands Latin, and is a perfect Frenchwoman in her language; the younger draws charmingly, and has copied Lady Di's gypsies, which I lent.

(How well one knows that particular gypsy faded shaded style of bygone art!) Horace goes on with his pretty description:

They are of pleasing figures; Mary, the eldest, sweet, with fine dark eyes that are very lively when she speaks, with a symmetry of face that is the more interesting from being pale; Agnes, the younger, has an agreeable, sensible countenance. I must even tell you they dress within the bounds of fashion, but without the excrescences and balconies with which modern hoydens overwhelm and barricade their persons. . . .

He had at first refused to make their

acquaintance. "In a very small company," he says, "I sat next to Mary and found her an angel within and without." Horace Walpole was past seventy, and Mary was about twenty-five years old at this time.

She was born in 1763, Agnes in 1764. Their mother died in their infancy; their father seems to have been an amiable nonentity described by Horace Walpole as a "little merry man with a round face." "I was still quite a young girl when I found I had to be adviser and protector to both my father and my sister," so Mary told some one in after years. It was Horace Walpole's interest and notice which first gave the Miss Berrys their position in London society; it was their own intelligence and kindness which enabled them to hold it for sixty years, from that day when Mary first sat next him at dinner. They knew all the most interesting people who lived during the century; they made them welcome, and their hospitality was welcome to others. They received almost every night; when a light in the window over the doorway showed that they were at home and ready for their friendly visitors.

Mr. Seeley, the editor of a selection of Walpole's letters, quotes a personal description of Horace himself:

How he would enter a room in the style of affected delicacy then in fashion, *chapeau bas* between his hands, walking on his toes, knees bent . . . his dress would be lavender and silver, or white silk worked in the tambour, with partridge-colored silk stockings, and gold buckles, and ruffles, and lace.

A later sadder picture belongs rather to the period of his friendship with the Berrys. Horace, lame and suffering, supported by his valet and followed by the little fat dog bequeathed to him by Mme. du Deffand, is helped to the sofa, on which he establishes himself, and where, wonderful to read of, he used to remain talking agreeably from *five*

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o'clock after dinner till two in the morning. Present intercourse seems mute and frozen in comparison! So much for his talking. Concerning his writing, Sir Leslie Stephen pays him a real tribute in the opening lines of his article on Horace Walpole, when he says, "The history of England throughout a very large segment of the eighteenth century is simply a synonym for the works of Horace Walpole," and in a few sentences he raises before us the brilliant critic who, "could throw electric flashes of light on the figure he described," "who errs from petulance not from stupidity," "who can appreciate great qualities by fits, tho' he cannot be steadily loyal to their possessors." Elsewhere one has read of "The man best described by negations, the dilettante, for whom business was a trifle, and trifles were serious business, the Diogenes who was a gentleman usher at heart"—and yet for Fairy Blacksticks and other elderly feminine sympathisers, there seems in this late friendship of the man of negations some revealing dawn of gentleness following that long winter of forced content and cynicism; some light rising to change the value of the shadows that he valued so unduly, and a vibration of the human under the inhumanity of selfishness and affectation. Old, broken, and weary, Horace Walpole begins to love some one better than himself. Take his letter on parting with the Berrys:

Sunday, October 10, 1790, the day of your departure. Is it possible to write to my beloved friends and refrain from speaking of my grief for losing you; tho' it is but the continuance of what I have felt ever since I was stunned by your intention of going abroad this autumn? Still, I will not tire you with it often. In happy days I smiled and called you my dear wives, now I can only think of you as darling children of whom I am bereaved.

Elsewhere he goes on:

I am determined to forbid myself lamentations that would weary you, and the frequency of my letters will prove there is no forgetfulness. If I live to see you again you will then judge whether I am changed.

And then he adds:

A friendship like mine is not likely to have any

of the fickleness of youth when it has none of its other ingredients. . . . I am not ashamed to say that your loss is heavy to me, and that I am only reconciled to it by hoping that a winter in Italy and the journeys and sea-air will be very beneficial to two constitutions so delicate as yours. Adieu, my dearest friends. It would be tautology to subscribe a name to a letter every line of which would suit no other man in the world but the writer.

This is the language of real and tender feeling, and comes home to one as one reads. Did it touch the charming Mary? Kind Agnes was, as we know, always responsive.

II

These ladies, Horace Walpole's well-loved strawberries, were landmarks in their way—Mary Berry, the elder sister, had she so willed it, might have married her "devoted" Orford, as he liked to sign himself. "Mayhap I may not write to you again," he says, "for I know not how many minutes to come! . . ."

The correspondence reveals a dignified and charming relation between the three, the tired old man of the world, and the two girls interested, delighted with his wit, his friends, his kindness, returning his feeling with naturalness and response.

A certain philosophical acceptance of circumstances distinguished the women of Mary Berry's intellect and generation in contradistinction from the varying impressions of the sentimentalists who followed, of the nerveuses who *are*. Self-complacency must have made life more possible in those fortunate days. Miss Berry certainly possessed a great deal of this stoicism, though at times she was also haunted by sad apprehensions and low spirits. "I feared some real misfortune had befallen you from your letter," writes a friend who is much relieved to find it is only low spirits that she is complaining of. Mary Berry's absolute independence told all for good in her friendship with the spoiled old man. She was grateful, faithful, interested, but also she went her own way, consulted her own convenience in all her

relations with him, held her own, as people say.

Miss Berry's memoirs were not published till 1865 by Lady Theresa Lewis, one of her constant visitors, and the three big volumes speak no less for the editor's faithful sympathy and appreciation than for the gift Miss Berry undoubtedly possessed of making friends. Her circumstances and her personality must have been very interesting; her correspondence on the contrary seems extremely dull and didactic, and cannot in the least have done justice to "the angel within and without." Miss Berry herself seems to have been prouder of her serious turn of mind than of any other attraction. There is a characteristic record of her having said of her sister after her death that "she had every charm a woman should possess, but she had not her own intellectual powers, she could not reason so well!"

There are allusions in Lady Theresa's short and admirable preface to Miss Berry's life to Mary's engagement to General O'Hara. Both the sisters indeed seem to have had unhappy love stories. How much share Mary's friendship for Horace Walpole may have had in the breaking off of her marriage we do not know, possibly the fear of wounding him may have caused delay, and the separation which led to a final estrangement.

Among many of Miss Berry's friends comes the name of Joanna Baillie, and Sir Walter himself on many occasions. Miss Berry playfully tells Joanna Baillie that in Arcady her own name is Berrina, and that this name cut by her own fair hand is to be seen carved on one of the largest trees in a ravine at Blantyre. We read of meetings when Berrina reads her works to the approving poetess, then she goes on to see Sir Walter Scott, and ends the day by dining at Sir John Stanley's, and meeting Miss Fanshawe there.

She sees a good deal at one time of the Princess of Wales, of whom she speaks with criticism:

The last dance she danced with Lyttelton—such an exhibition! but that she did not feel for herself

one would have felt for her! An over-dressed, bare-bosomed, painted-eyebrowed figure such as one never saw. G. Robinson said she was the only true friend the Prince of Wales has, as she went about justifying his conduct.

The present writer once lived in a house at Wimbledon of which the garden adjoined the gardens of the Grange, which was still standing in 1890, and which had belonged to Sir Francis Burdett. A part of our garden was cut off from the kitchen garden of the Grange by a ditch and an old straggling hedge. There—so the legend ran—Sir Francis Burdett was walking when he was arrested and carried off to the Tower. For these personal reasons it is interesting to the writer to read the accounts in Miss Berry's diary for 1810 of the streets full of common people, moving about in all directions to witness the release of Sir Francis Burdett. "Went in our carriage down to Piccadilly just as the procession with its innumerable attendants was passing." Miss Berry tells of shabby carriages, squadrons of people on horseback forming a procession in which Sir Francis was *not*; he having gone quietly from the Tower by water to Putney, and from thence to Wimbledon, to the great disappointment of his followers.

It is also pleasant to read that there was sunshine and haymaking in London in those times. Writing on June 26th in the previous year Miss Berry describes:

After dinner, walked with my father and sister to the fields between Paddington and Bayswater; the hay-making was going on. It was a beautiful, warm, quiet evening. We sat for some time on the cocks of hay, which I really enjoyed, but in how melancholy a manner, Heaven, who sees within my soul, alone can know.

The present writer remembers as a child haymaking, cows, and a syllabub in the fields beyond Holland House, and enjoying a haycock without any melancholy feelings, except perhaps disappointment to find how little to her taste was that syllabub of which Miss Edgeworth had written such eloquent descriptions.

III

Once, towards the very end of her life, Miss Berry gave a coral necklace to a friend of a younger generation. "Take it, my dear," she said, "I wore it the first time I ever met Horace Walpole." This younger friend was Miss Katharine Perry, for whom and for her sister, Mrs. Frederick Elliot, my father's affectionate admiration was great. These two sisters were on very intimate terms with the ladies of Curzon Street. Miss Perry has left a little privately printed pamphlet of extracts from a diary kept in 1849, of which two or three pages give a pretty picture of the Miss Berrys and their home circle and of the people who frequented it.

Here is a page out of Miss Perry's note-book:

Dined with the Miss Berrys—Miss Agnes' own dinner. She had said, some days before, she meant this next dinner to be composed of her own particular friends. I am proud to say [Miss Perry writes] she invited Jane (Mrs. Frederick Elliot) and me. The party also included Kinglake, Thackeray, Bielke, Mr. Rich, and the beauteous Louisa, Lady Waterford. . . . Carlyle was discussed, and, Miss Berry asking what his conversation was like, Kinglake said "Ezekiel." . . . *

On another occasion Miss Perry also met Macaulay and Sydney Smith, and she describes Sydney Smith's admirable influence upon Macaulay's conversation, preventing a monologue, by which she says its brilliance was greatly enhanced. Miss Berry, in one of her letters to the Dowager Countess of Morley, says:

Talking of Macaulay, I hope you have got his book . . . of all the seductive books you ever read. . . . The first edition of 3,000 copies

* Most of these old friends used to come again in the same informal way to Chesham Place, where Miss Perry herself was living with Mr. and Mrs. Elliot, her brother-in-law and sister. How plainly it all rises before one! Kate Perry floating into the room, with her graceful ways and wonderful wreaths of crisp waving, auburn hair; and the good-looking master of the house, with quick, brilliant alertness, and the kind mistress with deep-set gray eyes. It was a kind, amusing house, full of welcome and interest and discussion, with a certain amount of criticism and habit of the world to make its sympathy amusing. Lord Lansdowne used to go there, and Mr. Kinglake and Sir Henry Taylor. The great clan of Elliot used to be seen there, and most of the persons who, in those days, were writing and reading and making speeches; and Lady Theresa Lewis herself, and the charming Kent House coterie, and Mr. Spedding, and Mr. Venables, and Lord Houghton, and all the philosophers.

was sold in the first week, another of 3,000 more is to come out on Thursday.

Mr. Morley's "Life of Gladstone," I am told, has about equalled this record.

It must have been at one of these dinners that poor Sydney Smith said of his own talk:

I have not even the privilege which belongs to every Briton, of speaking about the weather, without a roar of laughter from a set of foolish fellows who suppose every word I speak is a joke.

Here is one of the lady's reminiscences which reminds the writer of an odd fashion which she can remember in her schoolroom days, that of fashionably immoderate peals of laughter, which took the place of the impassive calm of the present. One day, when Kate Perry dined there alone, Miss Berry told certain anecdotes of bygone ladies of fashion. Lady Mary Coke was one of these, and she described her talking of the Empress Maria Theresa:

"I remember the manner in which that creature treated me," said Lady Mary Coke. "Why, what did she do?" asked Miss Berry. "Do! why, she gave me for dinner chicken black at the bone. What do you think she gave me for supper?—chickens black at the bone; and what (raising her voice) 'do you think she gave me for breakfast?—chickens black at the bone!'"

* By this time Miss Berry said she herself was in such fits of laughter that she leant up against the chimney-piece and hid her face in her hands, and Mrs. Damer coming in thought she was in hysterics or that Lady Mary had said something offensive. All Miss Berry could utter was—pointing at Lady Mary—"She is mad, ask her what she had to eat at Lecide."

Here is a memorandum of something Miss Kate Perry heard at the Miss Berrys' one day when she was *not* alone with them. One of the gentlemen present had just met the Duke of Wellington at dinner, where the Duke was speaking of Masséna and of Marshal Soult. He had said, "When I was opposed to Masséna I had neither time to eat or to sleep or to rest, but with Marshal Soult before me I ate

and slept and had plenty of leisure." Then he added: "All the same he was a great general, there was no one who could move ten thousand men with greater skill from one place to another or bear on a point with greater rapidity, but"—he added—"when he got the men there he did not know what to do with them!" The Duke must have said this more than once, for the story is to be found in other memoirs of the time. Miss Berry in earlier days had been introduced to Napoleon, and her memoirs contain an amusing description of him and of his court. Mrs. Dawson Damer had gone to Paris in order to present a bust of Fox which she had wished to offer to him; Miss Berry accompanied her. The two ladies were somewhat disconcerted when he only spoke to them of the opera and made no allusion whatever to the gift.

IV

Impressions vary. One lady who used as a very young girl to be taken to Curzon Street by her mother, has described to the writer the weary hours during which she sat there silent in a corner, while the elders were discoursing—"not laughing" she said in answer to my question—"quite the contrary." Miss Berry on her carved chair sat upright, never leaning back, stout and dignified, with a large cap ornamented by a bow of ribbon. No one ever contradicted her, everyone bowed before her and accepted her views. So much for the impressions of fourteen impatiently waiting for life!

Miss Perry writes of continually dining and sleeping at the Miss Berrys'—Miss Agnes's health had been breaking a little, she says, but she never would confess she was not well; with her complete unselfishness of character, her thoughts were so occupied with others that she had no time to devote to herself.

With all her kind-heartedness [the Diary continues], she had considerable clearness and acuteness of perception: Thackeray always maintained she was the most naturally gifted of the two sisters. At times she had an irritability of manner without

more meaning in it than the rustling of the leaves of an old elm tree when the wind passes over it. On one particular evening Mr. Kinglake was interesting us all by his eloquent description of the Greek Church and its magnificent services; my carriage was announced, I could hardly tear myself away. "I do pity you very much," Miss Agnes said, "for having to leave us; we are all very good company to-night." Miss Agnes appeared in better health and spirits than she had been for a long time; but the next day her health began visibly to decline.

She lingered on till the middle of January. She begged her friends to come as usual: "It was less dull for poor Mary," she said. The last evening of her life she asked who was below. "Go down," she said to Kate Perry, "and give my love to them all, and tell my dear friend Eothen not to be anxious about me." And then, in the early morning, her gentle spirit passed away.

After a time [the writer says], the light was again placed in the doorway, as a signal that Miss Berry could receive her friends once more. They gathered round, but the light burnt dimly, the gaiety and spirit seemed quenched now that the kind Agnes was gone. We all knew that it was the union of the two sisters which formed the peculiar charm of these evenings in Curzon Street.

The things which *are*, certainly gain extraordinarily by things which have been—so far-reaching a chord is that of everyday life.

The first sentence of the lecture on the "Four Georges" concerns Miss Mary Berry:

A very few years since [my father writes], I knew familiarly a lady who had been asked in marriage by Horace Walpole, who had been patted on the head by George III. This lady had knocked at Dr. Johnson's door, had been intimate with Fox, the beautiful Georgina, Duchess of Devonshire, and that brilliant Whig society of the reign of George III.; had known the Duchess of Queensberry, the patroness of Gay and Prior, the admired young beauty of the Court of Queen Anne. I often thought, as I took my kind old friend's hand, how with it I held on to the old society of wits. . . .

This was written about 1860, and some ten years before that time my father had taken us as children one day to the little house in Mayfair where the Miss Berrys had lived since 1830—that No. 8 of which their friend the witty Lady Morley wrote so affectionately, at whose door it was a pleasure to find

oneself knocking. I remember my father knocking at the door and pointing out the iron extinguishers on either side of it which had served for the torches which once flared, which lighted the dazzling past company that used to climb the narrow staircase. We were shown into a little gray drawing-room giving on the street, and thither presently came a little gray lady; a tiny woman, daintily dressed in gray; she wore a white lace cap and a white

muslin tippet, fastened by a pink satin knot; she seemed grave and rather hurried and preoccupied—"My sister is not well, we must not see our friends to-day; please come again," she said, or words to that effect, and then as she spoke she looked up at my father with a gentle confident glance and a certain expression of arch composure which I think I can still recognize in the portrait of the younger of the girls in Zoffany's picture.

A Death-Song

By MYRTLE REED

Cool ground, cool ground, tell me where your stairway is;
Through what passage does it lead, death-damp with dew?
Wind-voice in the hollow, calling me to follow—
Love, let me dream to-night in the earth with you!

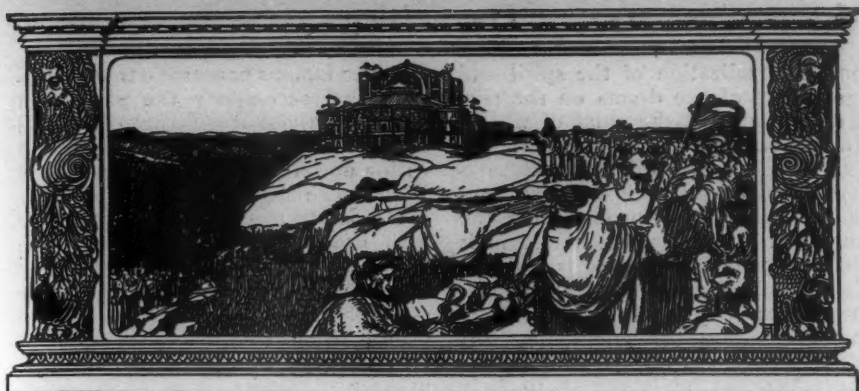
Blind rain, blind rain, beat not coldly on her
Still face whitely turned to the gray grass growing;
Cold hands with violets, do you think that she forgets?
Hark, how the wind-voice calls me with its blowing!

North wind, North wind, disturb not her hair to-night,
Long, soft threads of brown I sigh for in vain;
Sweet lips are dead now and under the willow bough
My kiss avails not nor my arms again.

Green leaves, green leaves, hush your gentle murmuring,
Lest your sound awaken her whose dear heart I keep;
Closed be thy brown eyes, my lost Paradise,
Lost Love, dead Love, peaceful be thy sleep.

Cool ground, cool ground, tell me where your stairway is;
Through what passage does it lead, death-damp with dew?
Wind-voice in the hollow, calling me to follow—
Love, let me dream to-night in the earth with you!





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“Parsifal” in New York

The Performance and Its Impression

By RICHARD ALDRICH

To whatever legal, moral, religious, and æsthetic questions may have been raised by the production of “Parsifal” at the Metropolitan Opera House, Mr. Conried has provided the one answer that will prove his final justification—artistic success that is complete at every point. There is no precedent in the annals of the lyric drama in this country for a performance that exhibits at every point such absolute artistic rectitude, such a perfect adjustment of means to the end in view, of every detail to its place in the whole, as that which Mr. Conried has achieved. He has done that which will make forever memorable the first year of his incumbency in the chief operatic institution of the New World. The controversies that have arisen during the progress of his preparations have only served to make his final triumph more complete. There is no need to reopen any of them now. Doctors of Divinity disagreed about the religious, or the sacrilegious, aspect of the case. The courts have decided that no principle of law

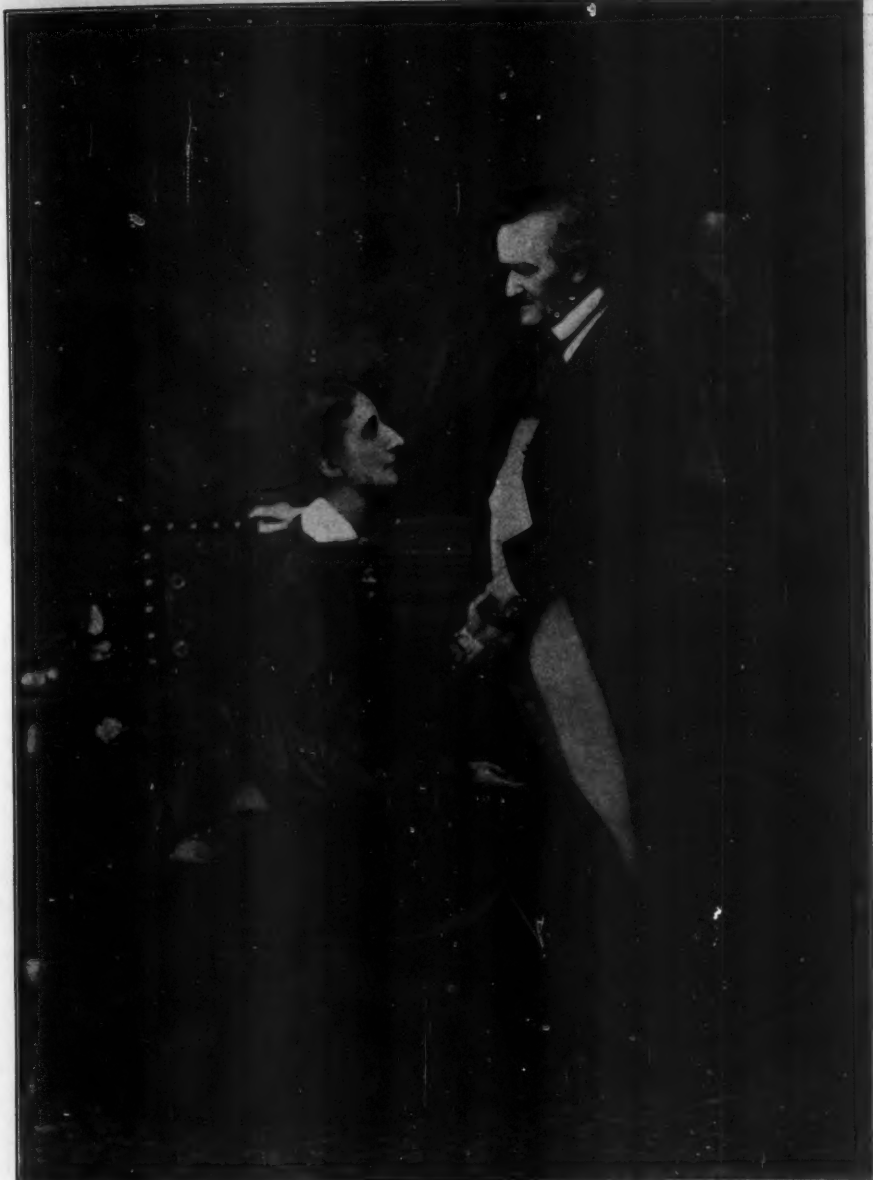
stood in the way of putting the work upon a New York stage. Those who stood for the rights of intellectual property were met by the declaration that in no way could a great world-classic ultimately be kept from the world, and restricted to a special theatre in a remote provincial town—that *force majeure* would prevail in such case against even the composer’s wishes. And finally, those who objected on æsthetic grounds to the production of a work intended for special surroundings, in an atmosphere of its own, remote from what are known as “box-office” influences, with the most perfect means at the command of musician, scene painter, stage manager, electrician—they were bidden to the Opera House to behold those surroundings in great measure reproduced, to envelop themselves in an atmosphere quite the same, and to witness technical achievements upon the stage that paralleled and in some respects surpassed any the composer ever imagined.

It is indeed true that the New York production of “Parsifal” exhibits a

complete realization of the spirit and significance of the drama on the part of its interpreters, the chief of which, Mme. Ternina, Mr. Burgstaller, and Mr. Van Rooy, have been authoritative exponents of their parts at Bayreuth. With scarcely an exception, the musical elements that are united in it are of supreme completeness and the highest adequacy — principal singers, choruses of men and boys, conductor, and orchestra. The conductor, Mr. Alfred Hertz, has not the cachet of Bayreuth; but he is known to New York as a devoted and masterly conductor of Wagner's works, of fiery temperament, subtle sensitiveness, and high technical skill. What is of perhaps almost equal importance in this drama of Wagner's, the material elements are of an equal perfection. In "Parsifal," more than in any of its predecessors, is successful interpretation conditioned upon that perfect co-ordination of all the factors, musical, histrionic, scenic, that the composer dreamed of as united in the art work of the future. The phrase has become outgrown with the realization of its purport, but the thing itself remains essential. The scenic outfit in this New York production is of a beauty higher than that of merely theatrical decoration. The six pictures they present are of a sort to win the admiration of the artist. The sunlit glade, the distant lake in the first act, the blossoming meadow, and the fringing wood in the third, are exquisite effects of landscape art, composed as a painter would compose them, glowing with light and harmonious color. The great hall of the Grail Castle is a splendid ensemble of Byzantine architectural richness. The magic castle of Kling-sor, fantastic in outline and illumined with a strange, dim light, is shudderingly suggestive of mysterious spaciousness, of unholy uses. More beautiful than at Bayreuth, the magic garden is a place of allurements, luxuriously massed with blooms and radiant with light and color. Its collapse, at Parsifal's sign with the sacred spear, is one of the few effects of the kind that have the power to convey illusion to the eye.

The two famous panoramic transformations that accompany the passage of Gurnemanz and Parsifal into the Hall of the Grail are effected remarkably with a power that touches deeply the spectator's imagination.

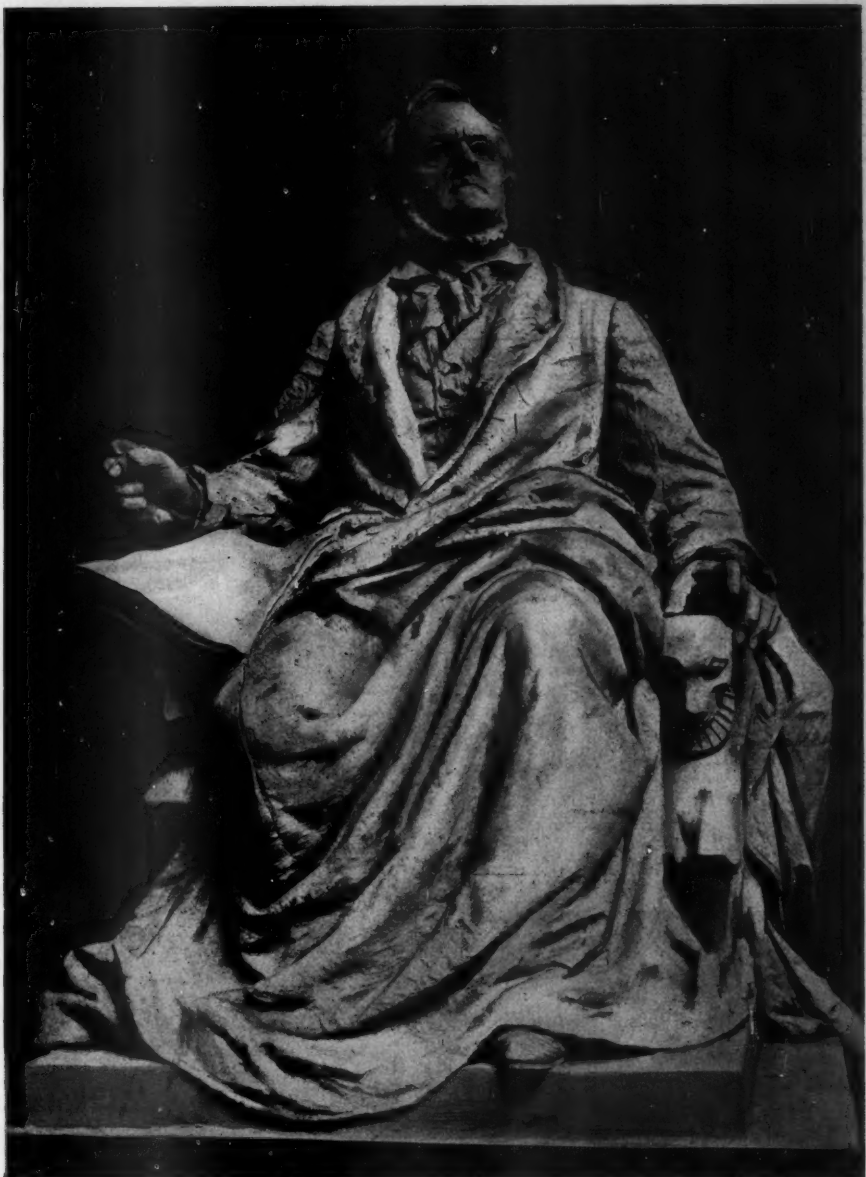
Mr. Hertz reads the orchestral score with profound insight and complete mastery of all its complex elements, not only in the orchestra, but on the stage, behind the scenes, and in the wings, rising to splendid heights of eloquence, faithful to the breadth and nobility of the music, attaining finish in detail, flexibility and subtlety of nuance. He achieves what must be considered the greatest excellence of an exponent of Wagner's music dramas in making the orchestra an organic part of the whole, holding its due place in the perspective, and laying claim to nothing more. Mme. Ternina's Kundry is perhaps the most consummate impersonation that this consummate artist has disclosed. The strange antitheses of which Wagner has compounded the part make it one most difficult to compose and to present with conviction; but she has accomplished it. Mænadical frenzy, sullen desperation, the torture of an anguished soul, the baleful splendor of the temptress, the humility of the repentant Grail servant, she is able to co-ordinate into a plausible and suggestive whole. Her admirers have only to regret that her voice is not always of its old musical power and beauty. Mr. Burgstaller as Parsifal presents many alluring traits in his representation of the guileless simpleton and the authority of the knight returning to claim his kingship. There are temperament and subtlety in his scenes with the flower maidens and with Kundry, and his magnetic personality is potent throughout the drama. Yet it cannot be denied that his figure upon the stage has a certain clumsiness, and that his acting is marred by the exaggerations and mannerisms of pose and gesture commonly attributed to his training at Bayreuth. Mr. Van Rooy's Amfortas is a noble and dignified representation of mental and physical suffering, and his laments are voiced with piercing accents. There



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RICHARD AND COSIMA WAGNER



From

STATUE OF RICHARD WAGNER AT BERLIN

The Sphere

The statue is of white marble and is the work of Professor Eberlein. At the unveiling none of the Wagner family were present, owing to the great dissensions that arose. It was asserted that Herr Leichner, a business man who subscribed most of the funds, did so in order to advertise himself. The Emperor was represented by his son Eitel.



DETAIL FROM THE MONUMENT—BRUNHILDE MOURNING OVER SIEGFRIED

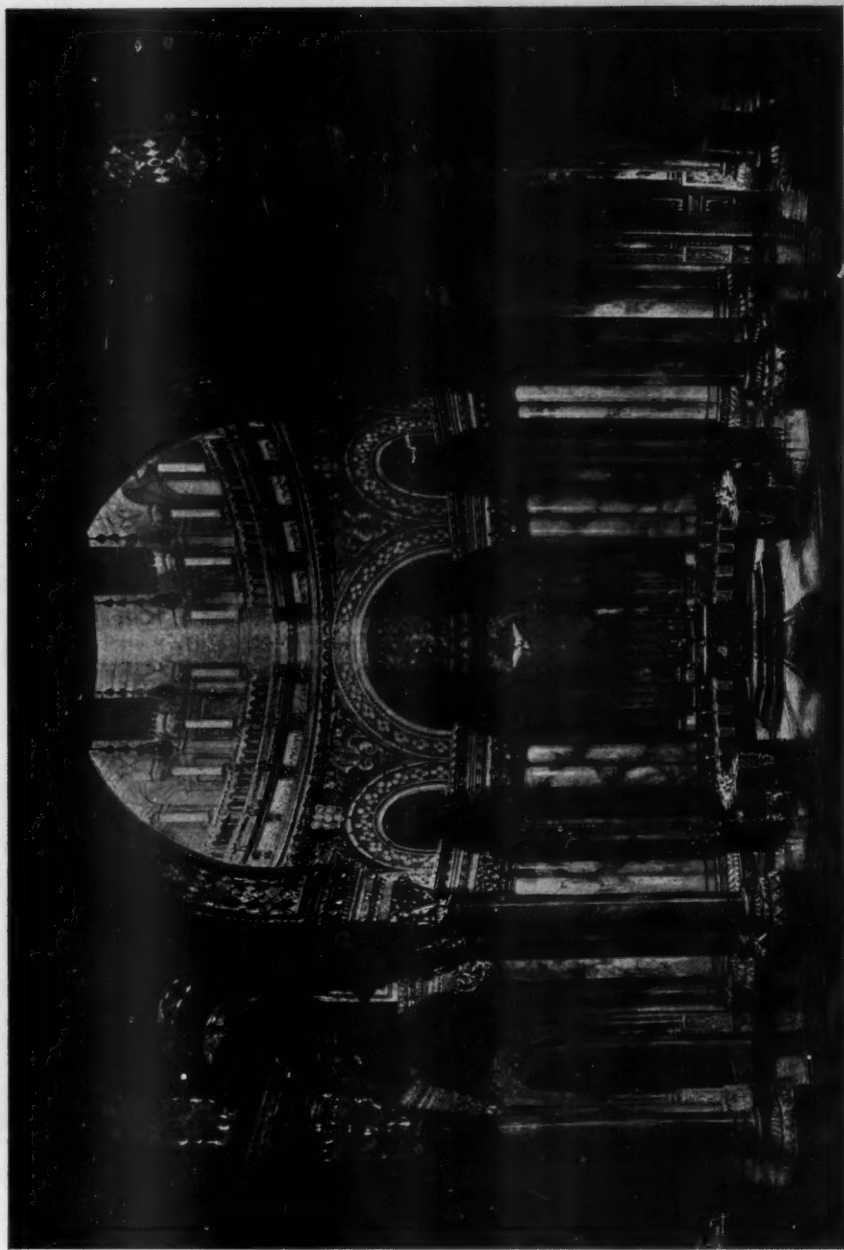
is praise due for Mr. Blass's intelligent and picturesque presentation of the old Gurnemanz. The flower maidens are a dream of beauty and their beguilement of Parsifal is a piece of choral ensemble of rare flexibility and tonal charm. All work together with self-sacrificing devotion to Wagner's ideals.

It is doubtless within the limits of moderation to say that New York has really shown how perfectly the inner vision of the poet-composer could be realized upon the stage. At every moment the eye and the ear are ravished. But there is a *tertium quid* which goes beyond the immediate sensuous impression, the presence of which must be the final test of success in putting "Parsifal" before the people of New York and of the United States; and that is the spirit, the undefinable atmosphere that must exist on both sides of the footlights in any performance of "Parsifal" that shall really present it in its true essence. Much has been said of this. It has been the cause of many fears; has prompted much doubt; has called forth abundant prophecy of evil on the part of those

who are most devoted to the ideals of Wagner and most in sympathy with his embodiment of them in "Parsifal." Now, it is undoubtedly the crowning achievement of Mr. Conried and his associates that they have succeeded, in a measure in which success has never been won before in this country, in surrounding their production with this atmosphere. It was indispensable that the throngs who fill the Opera House every Thursday should be forced to come and to remain in a different frame of mind from that which prevails at the same auditorium on, say, Wednesdays and Fridays. It must not be forgotten, however, that as much perhaps depends upon what the audience brings with it to such a performance as upon what it finds after it gets there. In this respect also the New York public has proved the high standard of its own ideals, its knowledge, its sympathy, its readiness to receive Wagner's message upon the lofty plane of its deliverance. Not only at the first performance, when the tension and suspense were of a sort to create a special kind of absorption, but at all the performances that have since been given, the



DETAIL FROM THE MONUMENT—WOLFRAM



Paul Bros.

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THE PALACE OF THE HOLY GRAIL
Reproduced from scene-painter's model



Almé Dupont

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KNIGHTS OF THE HOLY GRAIL



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ACT 1ST, SCENE 2D

Reproduced from the scene-painter's model

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138 FLOWER MAIDENS



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WAGNER AT REHEARSAL

attitude of the audience has been one of complete self-surrender, of intense concentration in the unfolding of the drama and its music before it. In that darkened auditorium for five hours rules a hush as complete as that of Bayreuth; and the attitude of the listeners is not of less reverence for the work and its subject than that which prevails in the Festival Theatre itself. Not in Bayreuth is there a spirit more true, an atmosphere more wholly right than those which prevail in the "Parsifal" performances at the Metropolitan Opera House. There have been those who doubt whether this can, in the nature of things, be maintained; and whether it is not unavoidable that, in the course of frequent repetition, "Parsifal" shall gradually find the level of the subscription performances. Broadway is not Bayreuth, and the stress and hurry of life in New York do not make for the frame of mind formulated by the pilgrimage, the associations, all the surroundings, the special circumstances, that attend the representations at the Festival Theatre. Wagner counted much upon

these. And in a peculiar degree he calculated the emotional and ethical and, if they may be termed so, the religious elements of his drama for such circumstances. They are conditioned to a certain extent upon a detachment from the work-a-day life in a great capital. He who enters the Festival Playhouse to witness "Parsifal" consciously or unconsciously leaves a certain amount of his intellectual equipment behind him. He is transported into a realm of thought and is confronted with ideals and aspirations that take him far from those that rule the twentieth century. It is true of "Parsifal," as it is of no other of Wagner's dramas. In the "Ring of the Nibelung," for all its world-old peopling of gods and goddesses, heroes, dwarfs, dragons, portents, and mythical environment, there are eternal human emotions, passions, and impulses at work; it is elemental humanity that is there set forth. So is it in "Tristan und Isolde." But in "Parsifal" the central motives and the unavoidable conclusion are derived from mediæval and outgrown beliefs, beliefs that have long since ceased to influence the heart of mankind. We



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WAGNER AT REHEARSAL

may perceive and yield allegiance to the ideals of pity and aspiration, of personal purity in the service of God, of the renunciation of sensual delight, that enter into the substance and the form of "Parsifal." But the type of Christianity it represents is mediæval, mystic, rapt, emotional; accentuating the importance of outward and visible symbols, and indeed coming close to the point of relic worship. Its ideals are those of celibacy and asceticism, the products of an age, as one of its critics has observed, whose theories and practices as regards sex-relationship can have no echo in modern civilization.

So it is that the spectator of Wagner's drama must, to a degree, view it with a certain objectivity. He may be impressed with the beauty of the symbolism, with now its solemnity and poignant impressiveness, and again its exuberant sensuous charm. He cannot fail, if he has the love of music in his heart, to be submitted to the spell that Wagner has wound about the music surging through this drama with such a wondrous eloquence, tenderness,

dazzling beauty, and spiritual uplift. He may go attuned to the spirit of the work, and he will find everything done at the performance to keep away the jarring of a false note from beginning to end; he may project his imagination across the barrier that separates "Parsifal" from the modern views of life—indeed, he can hardly help doing so, so potent and compelling are all the forces that will beset him as he sits amid an audience enthralled by the magic of it all. Yet, once reflection is allowed its sway, the promptings of protest will not be stilled; and he will realize that he has been viewing these mediæval fantasies, this relic worship, this strange play of impulse and emotion, with reserve. As Mr. Ernest Newman, in his acute and searchingly analytical book, "A Study of Wagner," has said, we behold these characters, as it were, from the outside, without entering into their lives, feelings, or emotions. Their psychology is "purely fictive"; something plausible and coherent enough on the lines of old romance, but altogether unconnected with our modern life and thought.



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The Truce of the Year

Winter, Dogs, and Books

By MABEL OSGOOD WRIGHT



O you love dogs and books, old books long ago read? Do you wish to step out from the mile-a-minute track of the city season and pause for a period of introspection that you may determine which of the thoughts you think are really your own and which are merely possessed by suggestion?

Then come into the country with me, to *my* country, in the barren season, and, under cover of its own white flag, arrange a truce with winter. I say *my* country, because it is only that from which one absorbs and in return yields personality, that deepest satisfaction may be had.

The pleasure-seeker who has a passing intimacy with many lands, going to each in its fullest season, can never receive the development and stimulus that come from abiding by one chosen spot that either by inheritance or purchase is wholly his own, for it is only in this way that kinship with soil and race can be maintained.

Who feels this fact more deeply or expresses it more absolutely than Kipling the Imperialist, the aggressive chronicler of the five nations, when, softened half unconsciously by the earth call at his heart, he drops trumpet and drum call, lapsing to the simpler form of verse used in some hymn of childhood, when he sings of his chosen Sussex home:

God gave all men all earth to love,
But, since our hearts are small,
Ordained for each one spot should prove
Belovèd over all :

That as He watched Creation's birth,
So we, in godlike mood,
May of our love create one earth
And see that it is good.

Any love to be vital and therefore potent of good must be personal; impersonality of viewpoint, once regarded as a test of intellect, is as great an ethical failure as platonic love is a physical snare. To declare the supremacy of the Impersonal is to dismember the Creative Plan and proclaim chaos.

Therefore come with me to *my* country, you who have none of your own, or having, desire to hob-nob with a kindred spirit. Especially come, you who finger a pen and would live a space in fullest measure, with your ear pressed to the heart of things, and make this truce with winter, for it is the only time of the pushing year that pause may be had.

Not merely a sullen suspension of hostilities with a foe whose silent strength is more appalling than all the glare and shock of summer's tempestuous petulance, but a rational truce of understanding, subtle even as the marriage bond, whereby the tension of opposite temperaments relaxes, and brutish dominance melting to protection, subjection becomes a victory.

Man, having assumed the responsibility of his own knowledge and methods, cannot cast himself wholly back on Nature for protection, as do many of the lower animals at the approach of the dark season. To him she is deaf—unless he seeks her under the truce flag to learn new wisdom. The tide of plant life begins to ebb slowly soon after midsummer and lies wholly dormant. Animals of many degrees, from the slouching ground-hog to the ponderous grizzly, bank their life-fires and are thus gently and unresistingly lulled into that state of



139 "THE ROAD, BROKEN ONLY BY A SINGLE TRACK, DIVIDES THE CREEK"

avoidance of hunger and cold called hibernation.

Man cannot hibernate and thus without either responsibility or exertion pass into a period of unconsciousness and rest, that he of all created things most needs. A fact it is that those races or individuals who most nearly reach this point are scorned by their restless fellows and held brutish and of low degree. Civilized man, so called, living in cities, in this sets natural law at defiance, and has long ordained winter to be the time of tensest exertion and highest social strain.

The wild beast fights for his life, his prey, his mate, but it is man alone who in addition must strive for his rest, and it is only when he listens to Nature's calm utterance on the law of life and death that the strain is lightened, for one of the greatest lessons we have to learn of the Earth Mother is the lesson of rest for the body, whose spiritual expression is peace of mind.

Of all the concourse of people who now face countryward, but a small portion perhaps recognizes the necessity for this dual calm.

The country is sought by many moods for many purposes, by some merely because it is a place other than where they have been, or else as a new background for the social drama, with pleasing scenic effects. Others enter by way of the field of sport, with gun, fishing-rod, horse, or dog for company, and these do well, for, though added exertion is the medium, it is the rest spirit drawing them as surely as the magnet circling above the dust draws like particles to itself.

Does not even the Creative Plan hold its forces suspended during the evolution of development? Yet even we who love outdoors for itself with an exceeding great love and follow the year through three moods and changes, oftentimes to pause at bay before the climax of the whole that men name winter, though even the meaning of the word is shrouded in oblivion;—the season of hunger and cold when to the casual gaze the face of the master is white-masked and inscrutable, because

not understanding the truce, we do not rest under it.

In the sooty lamplight days of religious intolerance, natural law and total depravity were hopelessly mixed, for the reason that the critics were much more familiar with the latter than the former condition, and a forced struggle for the so-called dominance of mind over matter ensued, whereby the balance of the Creative Plan was in peril.

To-day a clearer and more truly reverend vision not only sees the intellectuality of Natural Law, but the Divine purpose for our physical as well as spiritual salvation expressed therein. One of the most startling developments of the age is the fact that a man may declare himself a Christian and a pantheist in the same breath and his dual attitude be comprehended.

To understand winter and to fit it to our use is to master the fourth natural law—rest,—the first three being the laws of perpetuation, growth, and ripening. That the rest must be one of degree instead of the complete suspension allotted to things inanimate is a matter of course. Nature is wiser than humanity; she does not insist that wholly opposite types shall submit to a common law.

"Well," say you, "enough of philosophy. I am come to your country, though only for a day and its night. Show me this truce of the natural year, its sign, and explain me the use of it."

Walk abroad with me, my friend, for it is only middle morning. The sky is softly gray; against it the crisp branches lie etched in dry point. Follow these branches down to the tree trunks and thence to the ground. A single brown creeper makes the spiral ascent of his feeding ground until, reaching the smaller branches, he flits backward and again begins the rising scale. Below lies the snow wrapping everything lightly, yet veiling rather than concealing the outlines. This is the banner of the year's truce. While it lies there fold on fold in the chill hollows, spreading its borders to the brook edges, padding the mill pond into an eider-down quilt, and trailing soft fringes



"THE LIQUID ROAR OF RUSHING WATER"

over things huddling in hedgerows and in wall chinks, the world beneath sleeps in the peace of it, and only when the flag is untimely withdrawn can sun and frost striving together cause a massacre of the sleeping innocence below.

A hound cry sounds at a little distance, high and musical. Coming toward us with nose aquiver and inquiring eyes is Leader, the smallest of the rabbit hounds. How did he know that we are out for a snow trudge, in which he prepares to join with every sign of joy? He was a full half-mile away when the door closed behind us, and yet he knew and left his sport of tracking rabbits to be with us.

Does any other animal so love man with a pure voluntary love? Then is any other animal so honored in return?—this being as it should be and no folly. What says Maeterlinck, the master in unravelling the primal motive: "We are alone, absolutely alone on this chance planet; and amid all the forms of life that surround us, not one, excepting the dog, has made an alliance with us."

Surely, if you would live the country life in anything but a partial way, dogs must be among your chosen companions, and I place above all others those of the hunting breeds, only see to it that they are not too closely inbred. Why? Because, combined with the domed head wherein dwells a thinking intelligence, not merely a developed instinct, expressive eyes, and coats that

are easy to groom, whether they are setters, spaniels, or rabbit hounds, they are not only adaptable to their surroundings, but possess distinct resources of their own. And who desires a resourceless companion, whose welfare and amusements must be an ever-present consideration?

Of all these dogs I love the rabbit hounds the best—and I have had friends not a few of all tribes. Beautiful, intelligent, affectionate, clean, and capable of taking the responsibility of leading one to walk as well as of carrying on their hunting trips without distress to neighboring chicken yards.

Watch Leader's track as he comes near; seen in the woods, a novice would mistake it for a beast of prey; the light top snow only three days old shows a trail of toe claws where the hind foot swinging forward is planted next the forepaw.

The bay is answered, and coming over the hill in single file, tails held gaily, are veterans Monty, Lark, and Cadence, scarce breaking their steady ground-eating lope as they take the stone fence. "No, old man—too far—go back to the house—yes, go!" Then Monty, scanning my face with his wonderful eyes, only old by the sign of whitening brows that shade them, drops his tail and trots homeward, without once looking around. Well he knows that in the course of our long friendship I have never deceived him.

For a few moments the sky brightens



and purple shadows cover the snow with a crackle-work pattern such as is seen in rare and delicate porcelain. We little know how many things of Japanese workmanship are simple detached bits of transposed nature, and not thought-out design. For that wonderful people, mysterious even in their simplicity, are surely pure lovers of Nature for her own sake, if any such exist. They make a blossoming cherry tree a cause for festival, and feel that they honor the stranger they entertain by giving him the chamber whose window frames the fairest view, rather than by the lavish banquet.

Come, the sleigh is ready! With no bells, however, and the horse wears rubber shoes. For our pleasure we need no artificial sounds; a part of the rest is to travel as silently as frost itself. Sometimes the dogs follow, sometimes take the lead, the sun withdraws again, the snow glare vanishes, and we may overlook the white expanse in detail.

In spring, summer, or autumn, the brain ever travels ahead of the body in these familiar ways; the cross roads cause discussion: shall we take this or that? by-ways tempt into the deep woods; a bit of unwonted color lures to a distant meadow on the left; a strange sound—it may be insect or bird—diverts toward the hemlock woods that conceal the brook that dashes through its midst, foaming as it angles abruptly around huge roots and rocks. Now in the truce, but one road is possible, for but one has been broken, the by-paths are obliterated, and only a few barren milkweed pods and bent briars rise above the meadow's white level. Under the hemlocks a great wreath of bronzed green is traced by ground pine on a slope where the snow lies thin, but news of the truce has reached the tumultuous heart of the brook and it is silenced.

No note of insect or even the cry of jay, hawk, or crow reminds the ear of its duty, merely the soothing and rhythmic sound of a woodman's axe, the echo of the first tool held by hands, that in itself both questions and answers.

Even as you turn toward the sound, a stalwart figure, fur-capped and felt-booted, broad-axe on shoulder and pipe between lips, strides up the bank, completing the suggested picture.

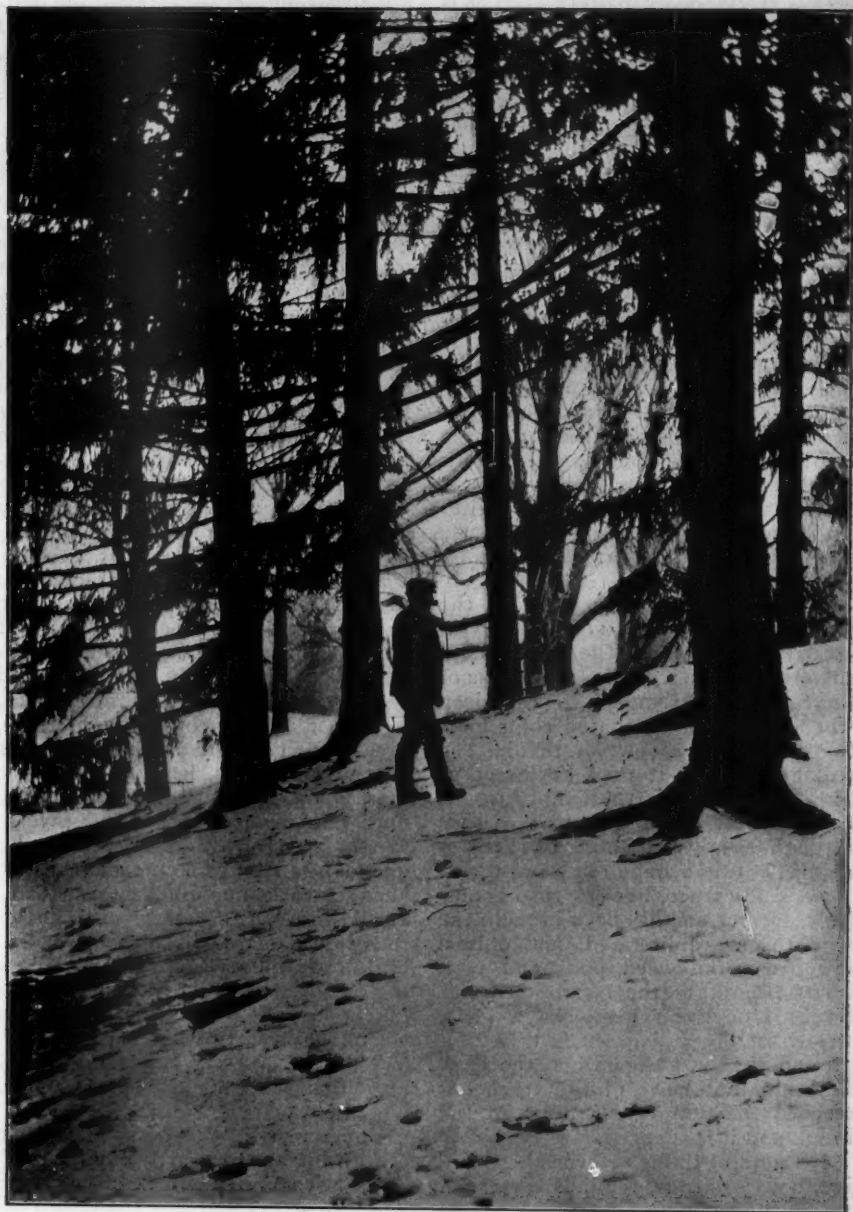
Next absolute silence for miles, the dogs having turned back in their tracks. Then below in the valley lies Aspetuck, the river whose Indian title tells that it comes from high places.

Now it may only be traced by the guardian trees and shrubbery, but as we near the mill bridge, beyond which the drifts are forbidding, comes the liquid roar of rushing water. The pond lies stark and white as the meadows, but from under the crust, broken and chafed by the mill dam, the stream breaks in a sheet and narrowing speeds toward the runway, stringing spray into fillets of frosty diamonds that lie scattered upon the low branches.

Beauty enough, aye surely, but beauty that surrounds, circumscribes, and does not excite, as the truce orders. All the while the sky grows more leaden, the distance is obscured by something akin to a curtain dropped between us and it rather than like mist. As we go back toward the shore, only the foreground and middle distance remain with us. The road, broken by a single track, divides the creek that runs freely under on the south side, lapping the marsh grasses on the margin, but on the northward side is ice-crust save in the channel, then it meanders on under giant pines strange to the marshlands, and passes some humble farmsteads. In all times but this season of truce this roadway is margined with color, and bird music bursts from above and below and wells up like the night mists of the marshes from no one knows where. Now two confident shore-larks, scratching with some fowls by a hayrick, are the only wild feathered inhabitants.

You remark: "We have not spoken a word for an hour; I wonder why?" "The spell of the truce," I whisper. "See, there is a snowflake; the air yonder is heavy with them."

In the porch, the dogs are waiting as I had expected, and greet us with cheers and caresses as we all go in to-



THE WOODCUTTER

gether. Monty, the patriarch, being warm by the fire, arises, and, stretching his forepaws until his back forms an arch, yawns nonchalantly and curls up anew with his back turned more advantageously to the fire, to his complete satisfaction, even though the younger hounds are thus forced to the outer circle.

The snow falls lightly at first and of uncertain direction, but after the mid-day meal the wind drops and the compact flakes of even size envelop the house, outward sight and sound failing completely.

To understand the total eclipse of the outward caused by a snow-storm, one must be in the country during its progress, not go to see the snow after it ceases to fall, regarding it merely as a picturesque spectacle, a peep show. A bumping sound in the porch tells that the thrifty helper is replenishing the log pile, and thus reminded, I add a fore-stick and a new backlog to the hearth fire.

The room where we have tacitly located is plain and comfortably shabby, holding neither the best furniture, books, nor pictures, a sort of nook where worthy relics are harbored, but for this reason doubly restful, for nothing seems to expect action, or cries out for change and improvement.

The books are old from use and thumbing and falling off tables face downward, derelicts indeed from most standpoints, but still precious, like an ancient doll of mine whose head was a gourd, its body a toy wagon-tongue, and its most cherished robe a fragment of horse-blanket, yet in its day it was all the world to me.

We draw our chairs to the hearth edge and each pulls down a book at random. Yours is a tear-stained copy of "The Wide, Wide World," and mine, "Plutarch's Lives," with only half a cover. Again silence; I do not know what you are thinking as you read, but surely I see something like a melted snowflake on your nose, while I—I again live through the day when, being in the first throes of Grecian history, I chose the volume as a reward for having a tooth out, trudging proudly

to an old book-shop in Astor Place to buy it, afterward carting its bulkiness about the schoolroom to the excitement of much envy.

I draw again; it is "The London Doll," with a red cover that has stood for certainly a quarter century beside "The Chimes" and "A Christmas Carol," flanked on the other side by Goldsmith's "Animated Nature," wherein some ancestor of mine learned how animals did *not* look.

Slowly "The Wide, Wide World" slips from your fingers, and you idly turn your eyes toward the snow-flecked window and then fix them on the fire. The dogs stir and rearrange themselves, and Cadence snores comfortably, for she is falling into flesh.

The storm is steadily increasing and twilight breaks the afternoon in two. No word is spoken; I cannot see your eyes.

"Are you asleep?" I ask.

"No, not only not asleep, but never have I known my brain keener; here to-day, many things I have lacked the time to think out have suddenly arranged themselves and stand clear-cut before me."

Ah, then you have heard the message and know the use of natural winter, the truce of the year. It is to the mental vision a dark room of silence, where we should enter now and anon that we may develop and make permanent the impressions gleaned in the glare of full day, even as the photographer develops in darkness the image invisible printed on the sensitive plate by lens and sun, and makes it permanent.

The fore-stick breaks in two with a snap and strews the hearth with sparks. The dogs start back in a panic, and when they again settle, Cadence holds the vantage point and Monty is restless. Sniffing does not dislodge her, and as politeness to ladies obtains even in dog society, he takes no further action, but, being a dog of resources, tiptoes off across the hall and seeks consolation in the depths of the best velvet sofa,—not even moving when reproved, but merely turning a contemptuous glance, before settling deeper yet, which says, "I have my

own opinion of women who keep dogs and forbidden sofas together in a country house!"

Then the tea-kettle, symbol of hospitality, is brought in, and Cadence,

feeling secure of her comfort, draws up her paws and, stretching luxuriously, pillows her head upon Plutarch, mending his broken cover with her velvet ear.

The Figure in Mr. James's Carpet

By CLAUDE BRADDON

THE appearance of Mr. Henry James's new novel, "The Ambassadors," affords a fitting opportunity to consider the phenomenon of his peculiar, his unique position in the world of letters. A man too great to be ignored, he is yet too ignored to be great, for his appeal is, and must ever be, to what Stevenson calls "a parlor audience."

Mr. James once wrote a story called "The Figure in the Carpet," about an eminent novelist whose various works were informed by a single controlling purpose, a central philosophical idea, so expressed, so implied, so interwoven as to pass unnoticed by his most careful and ardent readers; but, given the right clue, the thing stood forth clearly, in its true relation, not as an accessory to the fiction, but as its *raison d'être*, like the figure in a Persian carpet of which the eye can make nothing intelligible until, looked at by chance, askance, or from a certain point of view, the pattern all at once reveals itself, and is never thereafter lost or forgotten. Had this story been written after instead of before the appearance of some of Mr. James's more recent novels there would have been reason for supposing that in it he had taken occasion to hint at his own predicament with his admirers, since they have for the most part so failed to follow him in certain of his later flights.

"The Ambassadors" traces another convolution of the pattern which makes for the enlightenment of the initiated and for the mystification of the mass. Though it is reminiscent of his earlier time, though there are echoes of his

earlier manner, Mr. James nevertheless does not revert to that simplicity and lucidity of style, the abandonment of which it has become the fashion to deplore. The book concerns itself with the soul-adventures of a group of Americans in Europe, and thanks to them we breathe, for the time being, a cleaner, clearer air than that of the hot-house London world into which our author usually introduces us, but there are hints of depths beyond depths, there are allusions and elusions; we taste again, as heretofore, the faint, fine flavors of decay.

Some time after taking up his abode in England, Mr. James began to manifest those intensifications of manner and those preferences in choice of subject which seem to have placed him quite beyond the reach of the average reader fed at the common, popular trough, and which have even alienated from him many of his early admirers, besides making his books forbidden fruit to the "young person," by whom, or rather by the self-constituted custodians of its precious innocence, he has come to be darkly regarded as "that most immoral man." That is to say, in such works as "What Maisie Knew," "The Awkward Age," and "The Sacred Fount," he has shown an increasing disposition to deal with the amorous predicaments of people belonging to the most idle and depraved society of the land of his adoption in a style so ambiguous, so overlaid with half-hints and qualifications of every sort that among several possible meanings one feels at liberty to choose the worst, and usually does so with the

uncomfortable afterthought that evil is who evil thinks.

The purpose of this little essay (the sagacious reader will have already surmised it) is nothing less than an attempt to demonstrate that though Mr. James may have lost in popularity he has gained in power; that far from prostituting his great talent, he has put it to increasingly finer uses; and that his style, though seemingly difficult and obscure, is nevertheless an adequate vehicle for the transmission of the impression which he desires to convey.

Stevenson says:

That style is the most perfect, not, as fools say, which is the most natural, for the most natural is the disjointed babble of the chronicler; but which attains the highest degree of elegant and pregnant implication unobtrusively, or if obtrusively, then with the greatest gain to sense and vigor. *Even the derangement of the phrases from their (so-called) natural order is luminous to the mind.*

The italics are mine, that part of the quotation so perfectly accounts for some of Mr. James's seemingly wilful eccentricities of manner. The truth is, his critics cannot forgive him his supreme virtue, that he demands of his readers their full attention, and presupposes their intelligence. The great mass of novel writers nowadays do neither; far from stimulating thought, they offer a cheap and easy substitute for it, and this is just what a public fed on newspapers and musical comedies wants. The technicalities of writing have little interest except to those whose pleasure or whose business it is to write, and I would not touch upon the subject of Mr. James's style were it not that it is by means of this complex and allusive manner of expression, developed through many assiduous years, that he is at last able to communicate his own curiosity to his readers, and make them participators in his supersensitive intelligence with regard to those aspects of modern life of which he is so wonderfully competent an observer. His style is the surgeon's knife, by means of which he is enabled to lay bare the evidence of deep-seated moral disease; it is the plectrum with

which he sweeps the chords of sympathy and pity with so tender, yet so thrilling a touch.

Whether it be true or not, as Mr. Howells would have us believe, that fiction is a finer art to-day than when it was practised by Charles Reade, Dickens, and Thackeray, it is certain that in the hands of such men as Mr. Meredith and Mr. James it concerns itself with finer issues; it invades the field of philosophy and psychology to an extent before unknown. In the works of the last-named writers a dozen subtle half-tones appear in place of the telling black-and-white of their predecessors; or, to use a musical figure, they concern themselves with the effort to render audible the higher harmonics of the fundamental note of human passion and emotion which their predecessors were content more or less violently to sound. I am far from contending that most novel readers particularly care for this new kind of writing,—they are as fond to-day as ever of simple tunes and primary colors,—if they have agreed to condone it in Mr. Meredith it is for the sake of his robust and richly human qualities. Mr. James, a being of colder blood, has failed to capture their regard, or even their attention, as is attested by the fact that though he is the author of upwards of forty volumes his works are never seen in paper covers, and they have not attained, on either side of the Atlantic, to the dignity of a uniform edition.

Speaking broadly, there are two ways of portraying the life of to-day in fiction,—both true, and both, in different ways, admirable. One is to show the basic, primitive, elemental human emotions,—love, hate, fear, jealousy,—breaking rudely through and destroying the smooth crust which civilization has deposited, layer by layer, through slow centuries, over the volcanic hearts of men and women. This is the main-spring of great drama and popular melodrama alike,—primordial instinct rending the fetters of convention. Thomas Hardy uses this method, and rightly employed it never fails of its effect. The other way, while more complex and difficult, and of quite

dubious utility in igniting a fire of sympathy in the reader's breast, amply justifies itself in the hands of a master. It consists in showing this same human nature, warped, stunted, distorted, or perchance refined and sublimated by the operation of the laws, forms, and observances of civilization,—modified, that is to say, by the conditions incident to the highly organized life of cities. It is this aspect of life and character which Mr. James attempts, consciously or unconsciously, to present, and because the reaction upon the individual is greater in a highly artificial environment, the circle of the literary, the sophisticated, the idle-born in a great capital like London is for him an incomparable *métier*.

Because he deals by preference with secondary and tertiary emotions, because the rare scenes of passion which he chronicles take place, as it were, behind closed doors, it must not be hastily assumed that the issues with which he concerns himself are not vital. Passion invades his pages, but it is passion perverted, sublimated, or disguised.

Mr. Bernard Shaw, in an essay on the "Prize Ring," establishes the fact that the modern manner of fighting with gloves is a more dangerous business than when bare knuckles were employed. Less blood is spilled than formerly, but a strong man is knocked unconscious by one blow. This very well illustrates the change which has come about in that more shadowy contest forever waged in human society between contending personalities. In the good old swashbuckling days, if a man disliked the cut of another man's beard, he pinked him with a thrust of his rapier in fair fight. Nowadays, in similar case, he meets him often at dinner or over cards, and gets the best of him in business or politics meanwhile if he is able. There are no high words, there is no vulgar letting of blood, but the passions at work are not less strong through being suppressed, nor is the injury less vital.

Mr. James seems rather more alive than his contemporaries to these changes in the form of manifestation

of passion and emotion in modern society. "It was one of the quiet instants," he says, in "The Ambassadors," "that sometimes settle more matters than the outbreaks dear to the historic muse." If, as in "The Two Faces," it is his object to represent the last refinement of revenge which a baffled and jealous woman can inflict on her successful rival, he treats us to no tremendous "scene" between them, as a more dramatic writer almost infallibly would do; on the contrary, the jilted woman welcomes the bride of her former lover with every display of affection. She commits her to the tender mercies of her own dressmaker and thereafter appears beside her everywhere. The dressmaker, has, of course, been merciless, having arrayed the young wife in an artful travesty of the becoming clothes of her companion, who outshines her before every one, and that's the point of the story,—again it is the muffled fist dealing the mortal blow.

A literary passion rising superior to self-interest and surpassing the love of woman is a favorite theme with Mr. James. He is able to make plausible the strange devotions, the curiosities, the torments of consciousness of the literary devotee. "There are doubtless people," he says, in "The Figure in the Carpet," "to whom torments of such an order appear hardly more natural than the contortions of disease; but I don't know after all why I should in this connection so much as mention them. For the few persons, at any rate, abnormal or not, with whom my anecdote is concerned, literature was a game of skill, and skill meant courage, and courage meant honor, and honor meant passion, meant life. The stake on the table was of a different substance, and our roulette was the revolving mind, but we sat round the green board as intently as the grim gamblers at Monte Carlo."

The voiceless little tragedies of the soul, too singular for tears, too terrible for laughter; the dilemmas of the highly sophisticated and the super-refined; the intellectual enthusiasms of young men; the abortive loves of

spinsters,—such are the subjects upon which Mr. James delights to exercise his talent. To cite a single typical example, in "Glasses" he describes the predicament of a beautiful and vain young creature, whose face is in a very literal sense her fortune, condemned to wear disfiguring glasses and so to be deserted by her noble *fiancé*, or else to lose her sight. Things of this sort are more pertinent to modern life, more true and vital, than are the outworn themes and situations of conventional romance so endlessly repeated by writers, so cried and laughed over by readers. The difficulty consists in the fact that most of us are blind to life as it goes on around us until Mr. James assists us with his gift of vision, like some obliging astronomer, with telescope focussed on the moon, who shows us mountains and deep valleys where only a mottled radiance was seen before.

It is not without trepidation that I approach the subject of Mr. James's later fiction, his "second manner," because it seems to me finer, though less defensible than his first, and if it be really finer it should be better defended. It must be freely admitted at the outset that he is apt to overestimate the patience and intelligence of his readers; at times he reaches an intensity of vibration equivalent, almost, to silence. This puts him in something of the position of the pony of the fable who cavorts upon the sea-beach in order to excite the admiration of the little oysters who have been blind from their birth. An author has a right to assume that a reader shall be interested in his "idea," but when that idea is, as Mr. James would express it, "of an oddity," and when it is never explicitly stated, and hardly sufficiently implied, the reader may be forgiven if he fails to follow, and, failing to follow, the author's fabric collapses like a house of cards.

The famous dictum of Walter Pater, that all art constantly aspires towards the condition of music, seems particularly applicable to the ripe art of Henry James. It is not because his prose is lyrical,—Stevenson has made it plain

that lyrical prose is quite as bad as prosy poetry,—it is rather because, like good music, it gains upon a second hearing; because it is vaguely troubling to the spirit, it is so full of half-revelations,—buried treasure. It gives one a sense of *je ne sais quoi*,—of something which ever eludes, yet ever rewards the reader. To change the figure: to read our author is like pursuing a butterfly through a garden,—the butterfly may escape us, but our progress is through flowers.] That it is a Rappacini's garden, and that the plants are poisonous growths, many people will declare; and this brings me precipitately to the issue I have avoided until now,—the vexed question of the immorality of some of Mr. James's later stories.

That our author should be arraigned on any such charge would be one of the curiosities of literary history were it not a phenomenon so familiar. Flaubert was publicly prosecuted on account of his "Madam Bovary," a book now recognized as of an appalling morality. Tolstoy's works are not admitted to libraries where "The Letters of Elizabeth" find place, so true it is that in the masquerade of literature people seem unable to distinguish between the prostitute and the priest. Those who are quickest to detect the odor of unwholesomeness in Mr. James's delicate flowers are usually the last to be incommoded by the open sewer of the public press forever flowing past their doors. In these days, when every schoolgirl may read without rebuke the scandals of the divorce courts, the assaults, abductions, lynchings, the disgusting medical advertisements presented in the newspapers with no art, fitness, or sense of proportion, it would seem as though an author might choose the subject best suited to his purpose, particularly if he handled it with the unflinching tact and delicacy of Mr. James. It is one of the unwritten rules of the game of literature that we must grant an author his subject and point of view, and demand of him only that to persons who have eaten of the fruit of the tree of knowledge his work should seem to

make for righteousness and truth. I venture to assert that there is not a volume of Mr. James for which this may not fairly be claimed.

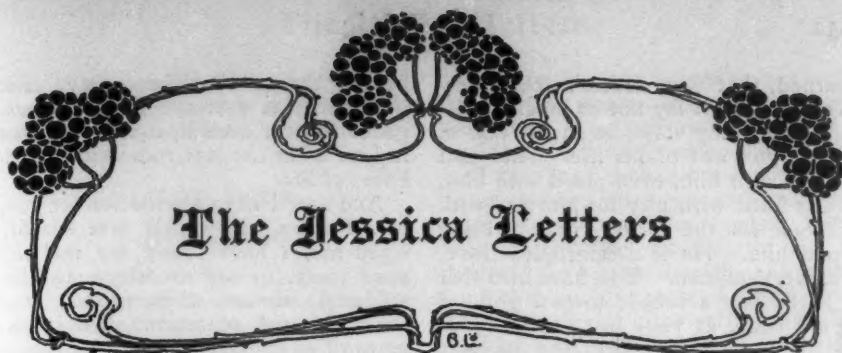
The thick atmosphere of intrigue which pervades "What Maisie Knew" and "The Awkward Age"; the hard worldliness of Mrs. Lowder's little circle in "The Wings of the Dove," our author uses, as Rembrandt used his backgrounds, to throw into relief some luminous figure,—the figure of Maisie, of Nanda, of Milly Theale; and these pathetic and ill-starred little heroines leave memories as pure and lovely as themselves. Mr. James presents London society to our imagination in something of the likeness to a pond of carp: many fish struggling in little water, the big ones feeding on the little; then, into their midst he casts—a dying goldfish: Milly Theale.

The conditions of such a society are of a kind abnormally to develop the egoism of individuals into whose scheme of life altruism enters only enough to make them hypocritical. Beneath the smooth amenities of their intercourse—under the still surface of the social pond—they measure strength with one another and silently devour or else succumb to the devourer. This gives birth to rich and strange psychological phenomena, and Mr. James, who is a psychologist and an artist into the bargain, finds therein excellent matter for his art. In "The Ambassadors" he makes his hero say: "There was something in the great world covertly tigerish, which came to him, across the lawn in the charming air as a waft from the jungle." "The Sacred Fount" may seem to many readers only a delicate fantasy extended through an intolerable number of pages,—a bubble blown, and vanished at a touch,—but to my imagination it is figured more nearly as a ghost I saw once and have never since forgotten. The vampirism of the soul which it chronicles—the secret draining by one person of the hidden sources of another's life—is not this dreadful thing going on always, and all about us? The wife of "Poor Briss" is not the only woman one knows of who arrests

a waning bloom and renews a vanishing youth by marriage to a young husband; there are other men besides Gilbert Long who wax popular and clever by reason of some secret relation with a woman whose "sacred fount" they correspondingly deplete.

Mr. James is of all novelists the most incorrigibly modern. The people, the situations, the conversations in his latest novel, are surprisingly "up to now," as the phrase is. The modern note reverberates through all the talk at Tishy Grendon's little dinner in "The Awkward Age." Nowhere, I venture to affirm, has the tone of latter-day discourse—its smartness, its levity, its audacity—been better caught. In nothing does our author better show his modernity than in his not infrequent excursions into the realm of the so-called supernatural. He admits nothing which might not be found chronicled in the "Report of the Transactions of the Society for Psychical Research," yet by the magic of his art he is able to produce (in "The Turn of the Screw," for example) an effect of poignant horror which makes the essays of Poe and Bulwer in this field seem like the claptrap which they are.

If the title and trend of this "appreciation" have by chance led any one to infer that Mr. James is a writer pre-eminently ethical and philosophical, or that his books are co-ordinated with one another in any such way as the various volumes of the "Comédie Humaine" I hasten to correct the impression. Mr. James is a writer of stories, like many another, and the figure in his carpet is, after all, only the pattern of his wonderful mind, revealed inevitably, and for the most part unconsciously, in his work. My purpose has been only to trace some few of its many convolutions, in the hope of awakening the reader to a greater interest in an author who, disdaining to assimilate the public taste and to reproduce it, has developed an intelligence so great as to preclude his becoming popular, in sharp contrast to many contemporary novelists whose popularity is so great as to preclude their becoming intellectual.



The Jessica Letters

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LETTER XXXVII .

(Philip to Jessica. Written on returning from his visit to Morningtown.)

Here I am back in my own room, in this solitude of books; and how different is this home-coming from that other when I brought with me only bitterness and despair!

Shall I tell you, sweetheart, some of the things I learned during my three days in Morningtown? First of all, I discovered that you are clothed with wonderful beauty. In a dim way I knew this before, but the full mystery of your loveliness was not revealed to me until this third time. Can it be that love has transformed you a little and added grace to grace, or is it only my vision that has been purged of its earthly dulness? I could love a homely woman whose spirit was fair, but to love one who is altogether beautiful, in whose perfect grace I can find no spot or blemish—that is the miracle of my blessedness. There is a strange light in your eyes that haunts me. Such a light I have seen on a lonely pool when the evening sunlight slanted upon it from over the brown hills of autumn, but nowhere else. My soul would bathe in that pure water and be baptized into the new faith.

For my faith, of which I boasted so valiantly, has changed since I have seen you. Faith, I had thought, was a perception of the illusion of earthly things, of worldly joys and fears. And always a little dread would creep into my heart lest love, too, should prove to be such

an illusion, the last great deception of all, binding the bewildered soul in a web of phantom desires. So I still felt as I walked with you that first evening out into the circle of your trees. And there, dear Jessica, in the waiting silence and the gray shadows of that seclusion I put my arms about you and would have drawn you to my heart. Ah, shall I not remember the wild withdrawing of your eyes as I stooped over your face! And then with a cry of defiance and one swift bound you tore yourself from me and ran like a frightened dryad deeper into the forest. That was a mad chase, and forever and forever I shall see your lithe form darting on before me through the mingled shadow and light. And when at last I caught you and held you fast, shall I not remember how you panted and fluttered against me, like a bird in the first terror of captivity! And then, suddenly, you were still, and looked up into my face, and in your eyes I beheld the wonder of a strange mystery which no words can name. Only I knew that my dread was forever at an end. It was for a second—nay, an eternity, I think—as if we two were rapt out of the world, out of ourselves, into some infinite abyss of life. It was as if the splendor of the apocalypse broke upon us and poured upon our eyes the ineffable whiteness of heaven. I knew in that instant that love is not illusion, but the one reality, the one power that dispels illusion, the very essence of faith. I shuddered when the vision ended; but its memory shall never pass. So much I learned on that day.

And I also learned, or thought I

learned, that your father's real objection to my suit lay not so much in his hostility to my views as in his fear of losing you out of his life. And as I talked with him, even plead with him, I was filled with pity for him and with remorse for the sorrow I was to bring upon him. He is a saint, dear love, but very human. You have said that I acted like a robber toward you. I could smile at your fury, but to your father I do indeed play the robber's part. Yet in the end I think he will learn to trust me and will give me the one jewel he treasures in this world. Shall a man do more than this? It is hard to remain in this uncertainty, but our love at least is all our own.

LETTER XXXVIII

(Jessica to Philip)

I have just received your letter, dear lover, and as I read it, all my lilies changed once more to roses,—as they did, you remember how often, while you were here. This is your miracle, my Philip, for in the South you know we do not have the brilliant color so noticeable in your Northern women. But now I have only to think of you, to whisper your name, to recall something you said or did in order to feel the red rose of love glance on cheek and brow. Indeed, I think it was this magic of color that made the difference in my appearance which seems to have mystified you.

And will it please you to learn that at the end of each day, as the shadows begin to crowd down upon the world, I keep a tryst with you beneath the old Merlin oak where you first clasped me breathless and terrified in your arms? (Be sure, dear heart, on this account, he will be the first sage in the forest to wear a green beard of bloom next spring!) And each time the memory of that moment, which began in such fright for me, and ended in such rapture for us both, rushes over me, I wonder that I could ever have feared the man whom I love. But you must not infer from this that I can be prodigal of my kisses. Only, in the future, I shall have a saner reason for with-

holding them,—that of economy. For if frugality is ever wise, and extravagance forever foolish, it must be true in love as in the less romantic experiences of life.

And now I have a sensation for you, Mr. Towers. Now that love has finished me, I have found my real self once more. I am no longer the bewildered woman, embarrassed by a thousand new sensations, lost in the maze of your illusions, but I am Jessica again, as remote from you by moods as the little green buds that swing high upon the boughs of these trees, wrapped yet in their brown winter furs. I mean that now I am able even to detach my thoughts from you at will and to live with the sort of personal emphasis I had before I knew you. I think it is because at last I am so sure of you that I can afford to forget you! How do you like that?

Besides, are we not now a part of the natural order, and does not everything there hint of a divine progression? The trees will be covered soon with the fairy mists of a new foliage, and our earth sanctified with many a little pageant of flowers. Goodness and happiness are foreordained. No real harm can befall us, now that we belong to this heavenly procession. All our days will come to pass, like the seasons of the year, inevitably. There is no longer any escape from our dear destiny. And as for me, dear Philip, I think there are already hopes enough in my heart to grow a green wreath around my head by next spring!

Jack is very well, but still a little foreigner here where there is so much space between things, so many wide sweeps of brown meadow for him to stretch his narrow street faculties across. He is silent but acquisitive, so I do not tease him with too many explanations. He will be happier for learning all these mysteries of nature herself as he watches this miracle of new life now about to begin on the earth. Occasionally, however, when some thought of you makes it imperative that some one should be kissed, I sweep him up into my arms rapturously and bestow my alms upon his brow.

But if you could see the nonchalance, the prosaic indifference with which he endures these caresses, you *could* not be jealous!

LETTER XXXIX

(Philip to Jessica)

I have always known, dear Love, that the first gentleman was a gardener and that all men hanker after that blissful state of Adam whose only toil was to care for the world's early-blooming flowers. But what was our first great parent to me?

There is a garden in her face,
Where roses and white lilies show—

and I, even I, by some magic skill of commutation, am able to change the one bloom into the other. Was it not the rising color on Cynthia's cheek that the poet described as "rose leaves floating in the purest milk"? And was it not Keats (or who was it?) who vowed he could "die of a rose in aromatic pain"? I could write an anthology on Jessica Blushing; indeed I could hardly otherwise be so pleasantly and virtuously employed as in going through the poets and bringing together all that they have said in prophecy of your many divine properties.

Meanwhile you have turned me into a poet myself—think of that!—me, for these dozen years a musty, cobwebbed proper in philosophies and religions! I have been sitting here by my fire for hours, smoking and dreaming and rhyming, rhyming and dreaming and smoking; and pretty soon the rumble of the first milk-wagons will come up from the street, and with that prosaic summons I shall go to bed when thrifty folk are beginning to yawn under the covers and think of the day's work.

I wonder sometimes if my inveterate pedantries do not amuse or, worse yet, bore you. I am grown so used to books and the language of books. I believe when Gabriel blows his trumpet I shall start up from my long slumber with a Latin quotation on my lips—*At tuba terribili*, like as not. (Query: Does Gabriel understand Latin, or is Hebrew your only celestial speech?)

I am trying to be facetious, but really the matter worries me a little. Have you been laughing at me because I scolded you for neglecting your Latin, and because I took a copy of Catullus in my pocket when we made our Sunday excursion into the woods? Yet it was all so sweet to me. In the air hovered the first premonitions of spring, and the sunlight poured down upon the earth like an intoxicating wine that has been chilled in the cellar but is golden yellow with the glow of an inner fire. And some day I must set up an inscription over the nook where we sat together and talked and read, and ceased from words when sweeter language was required. As you leaned back against the warm, dry leaves I had piled up for you, with your great cloak twisted about you—all except your feet, that would creep out into the sun, tantalizing me with a thousand forbidden thoughts—I understood how the old Greeks dreamed of dryads, fairer than mortal women, who haunted the forests. It pains me almost to think of that hour; I cannot fathom the meaning of so much beauty; a dumb fear comes upon me lest you should fade from my life like an aerial vision and leave me unsatisfied. Yet you seemed very real that day, and your lips had all the fragrance of humanity.

Was it not characteristic of me that I could not revel in those flowers without seeking some warrant for my joy in ancient poetry? To read of Catullus and his passion while your heart beat in my hand seemed to lend a profounder reality to my own love. Dear dryad of the groves, yet womanly warm, because inevitably I connect my emotions with the hopes and fears of many poets who have trod the paths of Paradise before me, because I translate my thoughts into their passionate words, you must not therefore suppose that something fantastic and inhuman clings to my love for you. The deeper my feelings, the more certainly do they clothe themselves in all that my reading has garnered of rare and beautiful. Other men woo with flowers; I would adorn you also with every image and comparison of grace that the mind of

man has conceived. The more fully my love invades every faculty of my soul and body, the more certain is it to assume for its own uses the labor and learning of my brain. You see I am welded more than I could believe into a feminine unity by your mystic touch, and that masculine duality of which I spoke is passing away. With some trepidation I write out for you these few half-borrowed verses:

VIVAMUS ATQUE AMEMUS

Dear Heart, the solitary glen we found,
The moss-grown rock, the pines around !
And there we read, with sweet-entangled arms,
Catullus and his love's alarms.
Da basia mille, so the poem ran ;
And, lip to lip, our hearts began
With ne'er a word translate the words complete :—
Did Lesbia find them half so sweet ?
A hundred kisses, said he?—hundreds more,
And then confound the telltale score !
So may we live and love, till life be out,
And let the graybeards wag and flout.
Yon failing sun shall rise another morn,
And the thin moon round out her horn ;
But we, when once we lose our waning light,—
Ah, Love, the long, unbroken night !

LETTER XL

(Jessica to Philip)

A letter from my lover, so like him that it is the dearest message I have ever had from him. In this mood you are nearest akin to my heart. For if love fills my mind with a thousand woodland images, it sends you back to the classic groves of the ancients, where the wings of a bird might measure off destiny to a lover in an hexameter of light across his morning, and where the whole world was full of sweet oracles. The truth is, we have need of an old Latin deity now. There was a romantic sympathy between the Olympian dynasty of gods and common men, more vital than our ascetic piety. And there are some experiences so essentially pagan that no other gods can afford to bless them !

Indeed, since your departure I have found a sort of occult companionship with you in reading once more some of the old Latin poets. Father is grati-

fied, for he thinks that after all I may sober into a Christian scholarship with the old Roman monks, and to this end he will even tolerate Catullus. But really the wisdom of love has given me a keener appreciation of these sweet classics. Did you ever think how wonderful is the youth, the simplicity, the morning freshness of all their thoughts. It is we moderns who have grown old, pedantic; and when some lyrical experience, such as love, suddenly rejuvenates us, drawing us back into the primal poetic consciousness, then we turn instinctively to these ancients for an interpretation of our hearts,—also because their definition of beauty, which is always the garment Love wears, is better than we can make now. With us "The Beautiful" is often mere cant, or a form of sentimentality, but with them it was a principle, a spiritual faculty that determined all proportions. Thus their very philosophies show a beautiful formality, a Parthenon entrance to life. And from first to last they never left the green background of Nature out of their thoughts. This is a relief, a tender shade that we have lost out of our prosaic world. You see Jessica grows "pedantic" also! The poem you sent has awakened in me these reflections. The words of it slipped into my heart as warm as kisses.

But I have anxieties to tell you of. I fear trouble is brewing for us in Father's prayer-closet. You remember the little volume you gave me, "The Forest Philosophers of India"? Well, he found it last night in the library, where I had inadvertently left it; and recognizing the author as the same dragon who threatens the peace and piety of his household, he settled himself vindictively to reading it. The result exceeded my worst fears. If his daughter were about to become the hypnotized victim of an Indian juggler he would not be more alarmed. He holds that all truth is based upon the God idea. And he vows that you have attempted to dissolve truth by detaching it from this divine Origin. You speak the truth in other words, but you are accused of blasphemously ignoring

its sublime authorship. Nor is that all. Your philosophy must have gripped him hard, for he declares that you have an abnormally clairvoyant mind, and that "no female intelligence" can long withstand the diabolical influence of your heathen suggestions. Really it made my flesh creep! You might have thought he was warning me against a snake charmer. And when I declined to be alarmed, he locked himself up in his closet to fast and pray. This is the worst possible symptom in his case, for he will work himself into a frenzy, and get "called," before he eats or drinks, to take some radical stand against us.

Meanwhile, besides a growing affection for Jack, I take a factitious interest in him because he was your daily companion for several months. I am tempted to ask him many questions that are neither fair nor modest, particularly as he is devoted to you and quite willing to talk of "Misther Towers."

"Does he ever sing, Jack?" I began last evening as we sat alone before the library fire.

"Nope,"—Jack is laconic, but wise far beyond his years in silent sympathy.

"Did he often talk to you?"

"Yes, when we went for a walk."

"Tell me what about, Jackie."

"I don't know!" was the ungrateful revelation.

"You mean you have forgotten!" I insinuated.

"Never did know. He talks queer!"

—I tittered, and Jack wrinkled up his face into a funny little grimace. We both knew the joke was on you.

"Did he ever mention any of his friends?" I persevered.

"Nope. Once he gave me your love and some things you sent,"—the little scamp knew the direction of my curiosity!

"But did he never tell you anything about me, Jackie?"

"Never did!"—I was wounded.

"What does he like best?"—for I had made up my mind to know the worst.

"His pipe," he affirmed without hesitation. "And when he smoked

he'd lay back in his chair and stare at the rings he made like they was somebody, and once I saw him look jolly and kiss his hand to 'em."

"Oh! did you, Jack? then what did he do?"

"Caught me looking at him and told me to go to bed!"

"Mean thing!" I comforted. "But run along now and put the puppy to bed; Mr. Towers was very rude to you!"

I was so happy I wished to be alone, for no man, I am persuaded, ever smiled and kissed his hand to Brahma. Dear Philip, if you only knew how jealous I am sometimes of your Indian reveries, you would understand how I could consider Jack's treacherous little revelation almost as an answer to prayer.

LETTER XLI

(Philip to Jessica)

Dear Jessica, you must not let the sins of my youth find me out now and cast me from Paradise. You alarm me for what your father may think of that book of mine on Oriental philosophy; I would not have him take it with him into his prayer-closet and there in that Star Chamber use it against us in his determination of our suit. Tell him, my love, that I too have come to see the folly of what I there wrote. Not that anything in the book is false or that I have discarded my opinion of the spiritual supremacy of those old forest philosophers of India, but I have come to see how unsuited their principles of life must be for our western world. They beheld a great gap between the body and the spirit, and their remedy was, not to construct a bridge between the two, but by some tremendous and dizzy leap to pass over the yawning gulf. We, to whom the life of the body is so real, we who have devoted the whole ingenuity of our mechanical civilization to the building up of a comfortable home for that body, turn away from such spiritual legerdemain with distrust, almost with terror. A man among us to-day who would take the religion of India as his guide is in danger of losing this world

without gaining the other. No, our salvation, if it comes, must come from Greece rather than from India. Some day I shall write my recantation and point out the way of salvation according to the Gospel of Plato. Indeed, since love has become a reality to me, I have learned to read a new meaning in this philosophy of reconciliation instead of renunciation. Tell your father all this. Some way we must bring this uncertainty to an end. I must know that you are to be my wife.

And so Jack thinks a fuliginous pipe holds the first place in my affections. The little rascal! And why don't you make that precocious imp write to me? Do I not stand to him *in loco parentis*? But, joking aside, he does not know and you can scarcely guess the full companionship of my pipe these days. As the gray smoke curls up about me in my abandonment (for I never even read during this sacramental act), there arises before my eyes in that marvelous cloudland the image of many wind-tossed trees down whose murmuring avenue treads the vision of a dryad, a woman; and as she moves the waving boughs bend down and whisper: "Jessica, sweet Jessica, he loves you; and when our leaves appear and all things awake into life, he will come to gather your sweetness unto himself."

Ah, the winter is long and my work proceeds sluggishly. Last night was almost the first evening I have been away from my desk since I left *The Gazette*. And I wish you could have been with me; you would have understood then what I mean when I say that New York is a market for books, but has no sense for literature. The occasion was a sublime dinner at the — Club given to Mr. Perchance in honor of the completion of his work on —. Now you know something about this gentleman's scholarship. You may know, too, that this particular book of his is a mere outpouring of facile platitudes without one single original perception or original thought. Very good; but do you know that he is reckoned a little god among the fatuous clique who represent literature in our metropolis? The after-dinner

speeches were made by men whose names you honor, whose books you have read and occasionally reviewed with commendation,—banker poets, and professional essayists, and editors, and all-powerful "literary advisers"; they spoke as if the consummation of eloquence had at last been attained in this book, as if Boileau and Dryden and Sainte Beuve and Matthew Arnold were mere children in the craft beside this latter-day giant. Making all due allowances for ordinary courtesy and polite flattery, the fulsomeness of the praise given was absolutely nauseating—and there sat the author himself in the majesty of his triumph! Only Mark Twain, while dealing out pretty compliments, relieved the absurdity of it all by a little caustic humor—blessings on his name! As for me, I enjoyed the dining at least, for the food was good. And on my menu card I scratched this elegant translation of an ancient Oriental epigram:

He who sitteth after eating,
Adds but to his belly's measure;
He who sleepeth after eating,
Feels in life a sweeter pleasure;
He who walketh after eating,
Gathers health and length of breath;
He who runneth after eating,
Merely speeds to meet his death.

I wish the sage had expressed the utter damnation that must overtake the man who speaks after eating, especially when he speaks a lie!

LETTER XLII

(Jessica to Philip)

MY DEAR MR. TOWERS:

It seems unnatural for me to address you in this manner—as if I had cast off the dearer part of myself by the formality. But no other course is open to me after what has happened.

After praying and fasting till I feared for his reason, father thinks he received a direct answer from Heaven concerning his duty toward us. He declares it has been made absolutely clear to him that if he deliberately gives his daughter in marriage to one who will corrupt and destroy her soul with

"heathen mysticism," his own must pay the forfeit, and not only is his personal damnation imminent, but his ministry will become as sounding brass and tinkling cymbals of insincerity. He is entirely convinced of the divine inspiration of this revelation, and I am sure madness would follow any resistance I might make. I have therefore been obliged to promise him that I will break our engagement and end this correspondence, and I beg that you will not make it harder for me by any protest, either in person or letter. No appeal can ever be made against a fanatic's decision, because it is based not upon reason, but upon superstition, a sort of spiritual insanity that becomes violent when opposed.

And father insists upon keeping Jack for the same reason he preserves me from your corrupting influence. He thinks the boy is another little brand he has snatched from your burning. And I hope you will consent to his remaining with us, for he is a great comfort now to my sad heart. He will write to you, of course, unless father discovers the correspondence, but this is not likely to happen, for father does not know that the child can write.

Nothing more is to be said now that I have the right to say. I have tried to take refuge in the biologist's definition of love,—that it is essentially a fleeting emotion, a phantom experience. It is like the blossoms in May; to-day they are all about us, making the whole earth an epic in colors, to-morrow they are scattered in the dust, lost in the gale. Just so I try to wish that I may lose some memories, some tenderness out of my heart. But I have not the strength yet to take leave of all my glory and happiness, nor can I say that I wish you to forget,—only that it is best for us both to forget now if we can.

LETTER XLIII

(Philip to Jessica)

MY DEAR JESSICA:

My first impulse on reading your letter was to come immediately to

Morningtown and carry you away by storm; but second thoughts have prevailed and I am writing merely to bid you good-bye. For, after all, if I came, what could I do? I would not see you clandestinely and so mingle deceit with our love, and I could not see you in your father's house while he feels as he does. It would be fruitless too; you have come to the meeting of ways and have chosen. I think you have chosen wrong, for the world belongs to the young and not to the old. Life is ours with all the prophecy and hopes of the future. Ah, what mockery lurked in those words we read together in the shadow of the pines, while your heart lay in my hands fluttering like a captive bird:

So let us live and love till life be out,
And let the graybeards wag and flout.

And now, dear love, only one phrase of all that poem shall ring in my ears,—that solemn *nox perpetua*, that long unending night, for every joy you promised me. Ah, would you have thrust me away so easily if I had not seemed to you, wrapt up in a strange shadow life into which no reality of passion could enter? And was your love, too, only a shadow? God help me then! Yet I would not reproach you, for, after all, the choice must have cost you a deep pang. I have brought only misery to you, and you have brought only misery to me—and this is the fruit of love's battle with religion. Do you remember the story of Iphigenia in Lucretius and that resounding line, "So much of ill religion could persuade"? Do you know Landor's telling of that story, "O father! I am young and very happy"? And so, our story has been made one with the long tragedy of life and of the poets; and the bitterness of all this evil wrought by religion has troubled my brain till I know not what to say. Only this, sweet girl, that no tears of separation and long waiting can wash away the love I bear you. And, yes, I will not believe that you can forget me. Come to me when you will, now or many years hence, and the chamber of my heart shall be garnished and

ready to receive you, the latch hanging from the door, and within, on the hearth, the fire burning unquenched and unquenchable. Will you remember this? There is no woman in the whole world to me, but Jessica. It will be so easy for me to shut myself off from all the world, and wait—wait, I say, and work. No, I think you will not forget. There has grown within me with love a mystic power to which I can give no name. But I know that in the long silences of the night while I sit reflecting after the day's toil is done—that something shall go forth from me to you, and you shall turn restlessly in your sleep and remember my kisses. And now good-bye. Do not interpret anything I have said as a reproach. You are altogether fair in my eyes, without spot or blemish, and I would not exchange the pain you have given me for the joys of a thousand fleeting loves. And once again, good-bye.

(Enclosed with the foregoing)

DEAR SIR:

My daughter has read your letter (I have not) and asked me to return it to you, together with those you had previously sent her. Let me assure you, sir, that it is only after much earnest prayer that I have dared to step in where my daughter's happiness was concerned and have commanded her to cease from this correspondence. I trust I may retain your respect and esteem.

Faithfully yours,
EZRA DOANE.

EXTRACT FROM PHILIP'S DIARY

I

I have been reading over her letters and mine, steeping my soul in the bitterness of its destiny; and what has impressed me most is a note of anxiety in them from the first, "some consequence yet hanging in the stars," which gave warning of their futile issue. As I read them one after another, the feeling that they were mine, a real part of my life, written to me and by me, became inexplicably remote. I could not

assure myself that they were anything more than some broken memory of "old, unhappy, far-off things," a single sobbing note of love's tragic song that has been singing in the world from the beginning. Our tale has been made one with the ancient theme of the poets. I ask myself why love, the one sweet reality of life, should have been made for men the well-spring of sorrows—for out of it, in one way or another, whether through gratification or disappointment, sorrow does inevitably flow. Has some jealous power of fate or the gods willed that man shall live in eternal deceptions, and so fenced about with cares and dumb griefs and many madnesses this great reality and dispeller of illusion?

And thus from a brief dream of love I slip back into encircling shadows. I move among men once more with no certainty that I am not absolutely alone. Even the passion I have felt becomes unreal as if enacted in the dim past. And that is the torture of it,—the torture of a man in a wide sea who beholds the one spar that was to rescue him drifting beyond his reach, beyond his vision. Ah, sweet Jessica, if only I could understand your sorrow so that in sympathy I might forget my own! But it all seems to me so unnecessary—that we should be sacrificed for the religious caprice of a frantic old man. From the first there was a foreboding of evil in my heart, but I did not look to see it from this source. I feared always that the remoteness of my character, which seemed to terrify you with a sense of unapproachable strangeness, might keep you from responding to my passion. But that passed away. Then came your opposition to my crusade against the sentimentalism of the day. That I knew was merely a new phase of the earlier antipathy, a feeling that there was no room in my breast for the ordinary affections and familiarities of life, a suspicion that my true interests were set apart from human intercourse. This, too, passed away, and in its place came love. And now love is shut out by the religious caprice of one who dwells in an intellectual atmosphere

which I supposed had vanished from the world twenty years ago. I had not imagined that the institutes of Calvin were still a serious matter. I have at least learned something.

And so it is ended. I fold away the little packet of letters with their foolish outcry of emotion, and on their wrapper write the words that have been oftenest on my lips since I grew up to years of reflection: *Dabit deus his quoque finem*—God will give an end to these things also.

FROM PHILIP'S DIARY

II

May the Weird Sisters preserve me from another such experience! I was walking in the Park in the evening, and the first warm odors of spring floating up from the earth troubled me with a feeling of vague unrest. Some jarring dissonance between the death in my heart and the new promise of life all about me ran along my nerves and set them palpitating harshly. Then I came upon a pair of lovers lingering in the shadow of a tree, holding to each other with outstretched hands. As I approached them I saw the woman was weeping quietly. There was no outcry; no kiss even passed between them; only a long gaze, a quivering of the hands, and he was gone. I saw the woman stand a moment looking hungrily after him and then walk away still weeping. And the sight stung me with madness. What is the meaning of these endless meetings and partings—meeting and parting till the last great separation comes and then no more? Are our lives no better than glinting pebbles that are tossed on the beach and never rest? Suddenly the blood surged into my head blindly. It was as if all the forces of my physical being had concentrated into one frenzied desire to possess the thing I loved. For a moment I reeled as if smitten with a stroke, and then without reasoning, scarcely knowing what I did, I started to run stumblingly. Only the evident amazement of the strollers on the Avenue when I left the Park brought me back partially to my senses, yet the madness still surged through my veins.

All my philosophy was gone, all my remoteness from life; I was stung by that fury that comes to beast and man alike; I was bewildered by the feeling that my emotions were no longer my own, but were shared by the mob of strangers in the street. It was the passion of love, pure and simple, unsophisticated by questionings; and it had turned my brain. Withal there ran through me an insane desire to commit some atrocious crime, to waylay and strike, to speak words of outrageous insult. I do verily believe that only the opportunity was wanting, some chance conflict of the street, or temptation of solitude, to have changed these demoniac impulses to action—I whose most violent physical achievement has been to cross over Broadway. It is good that I am home and the blood has left my brain. What shall I think of this if I read it ten years hence?

LETTER XLIV

(Jack to Philip)

DEAR SIR:

I have not wrote you before. This is a beautiful place. I like it, especially the young lady. The old man have been acting wild, like a cop when he can't find out who done it. The difference is that it is the bible in the old man and the devil in the cop. He says you have hoodooed the young lady, and he says let you be enathermered. This is a religious cuss word. The young lady don't cry. She is dead game, and have lost her color.

So good by,

Yours trewly,

JACK O'MEARA.

P. S.—The young lady have quit the family prayers, but me and the old man have to say ours just the same, only more so.

FROM PHILIP'S DIARY

III

A wise man of the sect of Simon Magus has replied to one of my assaults on humanitarianism by trying to show that in this one faith of modern days is summed up all the varying ideals of past ages,—renunciation,

self-development, religion, chivalry, humanism, pantheistic return to nature, liberty. Ah, my dear sir, I envy you your easy, kindly vision. Indeed, all these do persist in a dim groping way, empty echoes of great words that have been, bare shadows without substance. What made them more than graceful acts of materialism was that each and all ended not in themselves or in the vulgarization of earthly comfort, but in some purpose outside of human nature as our humanitarians comprehend that nature. Renunciation was practised, not that my neighbor might have a morsel more of bread, but that I might turn from the desires of the body to the pure longings of the spirit. Self-development looked to the purging and making perfect of the bodily faculties that within the chamber of a man's own breast might dwell in sweet serenity the eternal spirit of beauty and joy. Even humanism, which by its name would seem to be brother to its present-day parody, perceived an ideal far above the vicious circle in which humanitarianism gyrates. My dear foe might read Castiglione's book of "The Courtier" and learn how high the Platonic ideal of the better humanists floated above his mole's grubbing in the earth. As for religion—go to almost any church in the land and hear what exhortations flow from the pulpit. The intellectual contention of dogmas is forgotten—and better so, possibly. But more than that: for one word on the spirit or on the way and necessity of the soul's individual growth, you will hear a thousand on the means of bettering the condition of the poor; for one word on the personal relation of man to his God, you will hear a thousand on the duties of man to man. Woe unto you, preachers of a base creed, hypocrites! these things ought ye to have done, and not to leave the other undone! You have betrayed the faith and forgotten your high charge; you have made of religion a mingling for this world's use of materialism and altruism, while the spirit hungers and is not fed. Like your father of old, that Simon Magus, you have sought to buy the gift of God with a price; like Judas

Iscaiot you have betrayed the Lord with a kiss of brotherhood! Now might the Keeper of the Keys cry to-day with other meaning:

"How well could I have spared for thee, young swain,

Enow of such, as for their bellies' sake
Creep and intrude and climb into the fold!
Of other care they little reckoning make
Than how to scramble at the shearer's feast,
And shove away the worthy bidden guest.
Blind mouths!"

FROM PHILIP'S DIARY

IV

Reading a foolish book on the Literature of Indiana (!) and find this sentence on the first page: "It is not of so great importance that a few individuals within a State shall, from time to time, show talent or genius, as that the general level of cultivation in the community shall be continually raised."—Whereupon the author proceeds to glorify the "general level" through a whole volume. Now the noteworthy thing about this particular sentence is the fact that it was set down as a mere truism needing no proof, and that it was no doubt so accepted by most readers of the book. In reality the sentiment is so far from a truism that it would have excited ridicule in any previous age; it might almost be said to contain the fundamental error which is responsible for the low state of culture in the country. Unfortunately the point cannot be profitably argued out, for it resolves itself at last into a question of taste. There are those who are chiefly interested in the life of the intellect and the imagination. They measure the value of a civilization by the kind of imaginative and intellectual energy it displays, by its top growth in other words. They crave to see life express itself thus *sub specie eternitatis*, and apart from this conversion of human energy and emotion into enduring forms they perceive in the weltering procession of transient human lives no more significance or value than in the endless fluctuation of the waves of the sea. For them, therefore, the creation of one masterpiece of genius has more meaning than the physical or mental

welfare of a whole generation; they can, indeed, discern no genuine intellectual welfare of a people except in so far as the people look up reverently to the products of the higher imagination. There are others for whom this life of the imagination has only a lukewarm interest, for the reason that their own faculties are weak and stunted. Naturally they think it a slight matter whether genius appear to create what they and their kind can only dimly enjoy; on the contrary, they hold it of prime importance that material welfare and the form of mental cunning which subdues material forces should be widely diffused among the people.

Now no one would say a word against raising "the general level of cultivation"; the higher it is raised the better. Only the cherishing of this ideal becomes pernicious when it is made more sacred than the appearance of individual genius. Nor is it proper to say that the appearance of genius is itself contingent on the level of cultivation. There is much confusion of thought here. The influence of the people on literature is invariably attended with danger. It has its element of good, for the people cherish those instinctive passions and notions of morality which keep art from falling into artificiality. But refinement, distinction, form, spirituality—all that makes of art a transcript of life *sub specie æternitatis*—are commonly opposed to the popular interest and are even distrusted by the people. The attitude of the Elizabethan play-rights toward their audiences gives food for reflection on this head. Just so sure as the ideal of general cultivation is made paramount, just so sure will the higher culture become degraded to this consideration, and with its degradation the general cultivation itself will grow base and material.

FROM PHILIP'S DIARY

V

I lead a strange dual existence, the intensity of whose contrast is almost uncanny. After sitting for hours at my desk working on my History of Humanitarianism, I throw myself

wearily on the sofa and smoke. And as the gray fumes float above my face, slowly they lay a spell upon me like the waving of mesmeric hands. I lose consciousness of the objects about me, the very walls dissolve away in a mist, and I am lifted as it were on softly beating pinions and borne swift and far like a bird. The sensation is curiously familiar and unfamiliar at the same time, yet it never causes me surprise. Sometimes I am carried out into the wide sky and soar as it seems for hours without ever alighting, until I am brought to myself with a sense of rapid falling. At other times I am borne to the blessed forest where my love walks, and always then the same thing happens. I know not whether it is my spirit or some emanation of my body, but, however it is, I am there always pursuing her as once I did in reality, until at last I lay hold of her and draw her into my arms beneath that ancient oak. I kiss her once and twice and a third time, gazing the while into her startled eyes. Then an inexpressible sweetness takes possession of me, a shudder runs through my veins, and of a sudden all is dark; I am sinking down, down, in unfathomable abysses until abruptly I awake. No words can convey the mingled reality and remoteness of these sensations. Jessica, Jessica, you have troubled the very sources of my being; you have abandoned me to contend with shadows and the fear of shadows.

LETTER XLV

(Jack to Philip)

DEAR MR. TOWERS:

You have not wrote to me yet. The weather is fine and things come up here and bloom out doors. But the old gentleman says we are out of the ark of safety. He have made up his mind to be damned any how. He says the Lord have turned his face against us. But I guess really it is the young lady that is showing off. She stands on her hind legs 'most all the time now. She have back slid out of nearly everything and have quit going to church. She does the same kind of

meanness I do now, and don't care. She is jolly all the time, but she aint really glad none. She have got a familiar spirit in the forest that you can't see with your eyes. But she meets him under a big tree, and sometimes she cries. She don't let me come, but I creep after her and hide, so as to be there if he changes her into something else. The old gentleman have quit his religious cussing now and have took to fussing. But he can do either one according to the bible. He knows all the abusing scripture by heart. But the young lady have hardened her heart. She is dead game, and she aint skert of him, nor of the bible, nor nothing. And she aint sweet to no body now but me. If you answer this, I will show it to her.

Your trew friend,

JACK O'MEARA.

P. S.—She wore your letter all one day inside her things before she give it to the old man.

FROM PHILIP'S DIARY

VI

Humanitarians are divided into two classes—those who have no imagination, and those who have a perverted imagination. The first are the sentimentalists; their brains are flaccid, lumpish like dough, and without grip on reality. They are haunted by the vague pathos of humanity, and, being unable to vizualize human life as it is actually or ideally, they surrender themselves to indiscriminate pity, doing a little good thereby and a vast deal of harm. The second class includes the theoretical socialists and other regenerators of society whose imagination has been perverted by crude vapors and false visions. They are ignorant of the real springs of human action; they have wilfully turned their faces away from the truth as it exists, and their punishment is to dwell in a fantastic dream of their own creating which works a madness in the brain. They are to-day what the religious fanatics were in the Middle Ages, having merely substituted a paradise on this earth for the old para-

dise in the heavens. They are as cruel and intolerant as the inquisitors, though they mask themselves in formulae of universal brotherhood.

FROM PHILIP'S DIARY

VII

I have been reading too much in this tattered old notebook of O'Meara's. It is my constant companion these widowed days, and the mystic vapor that exhales from his thought has gone to my head like opium. I must get rid of the obsession by publishing the book as a psychological document or by destroying it once for all. With its quotations and original reflections it alternates from page to page between the sullen despair of a man who has hoped too often in vain and a rare form of inverted exaltation. As with me, it was apparently his custom, when the loneliness of fate oppressed him, to go out and wander up and down Broadway, seeking the regions by night or day where the people thronged most busily and steeping his fancy in the turmoil of its illusion. I can see his ill-clad figure with bowed head moving slowly amid the jostling multitude, and I smile to think how surprised the brave folk would be, who passed him as he shuffled along and who no doubt drew their skirts away lest they should be polluted by rubbing against him, if they could hear some of the meditations in his book and learn the pride of this despised tramp. Many times he repeats the proverb: *Rem carendo non fruendo cognoscimus*—by losing not by enjoying the world we make it ours. Out of the utter ruin and abandonment of his life he seems to have won for himself a spiritual possession akin to that of the saints, only inverted as it were. The impersonal detachment they gained by rising above human affairs, he found by sinking below them. He looked upon the world as one absolutely set apart from it, and through that isolation attained a strange insight into its significance, and even a kind of intoxicating joy. On me in my state of bewildered loneliness his mood exerts an alarming fascination.

It is dangerous to surrender one's self too submissively to this perception of universal illusion unless a strong will is present or some master passion as a guide; for without these the brain is dizzied, and barely does a man escape the temptation to throw away all effort and sink gradually into the stupor of indifference or something worse. I have felt the madness creep upon me

too often of late and I am afraid. Ah, Jessica, in withdrawing the hope of your blessing from me you know not into what perils of blank indifference you have cast my soul. Shall I drift away into the hideous nightmare that pursued O'Meara? I will seal up his book, and make strong my determination to work and in work achieve my own destiny.

Dawn

By EDNA KINGSLEY WALLACE

THE deep of the heavens indwelling,
A silence profound;
In the darkness arising and swelling,
A dream of a sound.
Low whisp'ring it comes and it passes,
Returns then and lingers;
The slumbering leaves and the grasses
It lovingly fingers,
To rouse them,—no least thing scorning.
They wake,—it is gone—
Day's herald, the wind of the morning,
Preceding the dawn.

Then slowly, night's legions compelling,
There gathers the might
Of a glowing, a darkness-dispelling,
All-conquering light.
The shadows are waking and fleeing,
For higher and higher
The birth-flame leaps into being,
The heavens catch fire,
And cloud-blossoms lavishly strew
In the path of the sun;
The sky as a speedwell is blue,—
The day is begun!



The Social History of England According to "Punch"

By LIONEL STRACHEY

III

POLITICS AND PERSONALITIES

WHAT most notable effect will the destruction of the world have upon England? It will interrupt all the cricket matches that were ever begun.

This consideration is not copied from *Punch*; it's a little thing of our own. We invented it to form some sort—any sort—of peg to hang the picture on called "Drawing the Stumps." In this cartoon—the handiwork of John Tenniel—the player carrying the bat is Lord Palmerston, head of the Whig government. Palmerston, Pam for short, steered the ship of state ten years, with only a year's break between his first pilotage and his second. The intervening Prime Minister was Lord Derby, of the opposite political faith. Associated with Palmerston in both his cabinets was Gladstone, as Chancellor of the Exchequer. His Foreign Secretary during the American civil war was Lord John Russell, whose wrath over Captain Wilkes's taking of Slidell and Mason from the *Trent* expressed itself in terms most undiplomatic. At the first meeting of the cabinet following the confirmation of an event that brought the eagle and the lion to the edge of a duel, Lord Russell burst into the room with: "I don't know if you fellows are going to stand this, but I'll be d—d if I do!" And he didn't. The Federal government acknowledged that Wilkes had transgressed, and gave up the two Confederate envoys. Had Lincoln not rendered justice to England, there would have been two wars instead of only one—double devastation, double slaughter, double rapine, twice the widows, twice the fatherless, twice the cripples, twice the corpses. In fact, all these amenities the people desired and demanded on both sides of the

Atlantic as the only *glorious* way of satisfying the national *honor*. Neither people understood the principle of international right at issue. So one must fight for the principle and the other against it. As with all disputes between nations, the popular question was not one of justice, but of taking a side—not the right side, not the wrong side, still less the side of compromise, but the opposite side. The newspapers fulfilled the traditional dictates of honorable patriotism in promoting anger, hatred, and malice: the daily press in America was bombastic and scurrilous; in England it was arrogant and venomous; in both these Christian countries it howled for Christian blood. *Punch's* threatening superiority was sprinkled with vinegar. But when the Federal government was seen inclining towards surrender *Punch* put out the hand of reconciliation:

Fools may sneer and call family feelings all humbug,
But I feel that one blood in the veins of us flows;
Our tongues are the same, though I don't like your
fashion

Of talking (as you'd make *me* pay) through the
nose.

We snarled and we scratched in the days of our
folly,

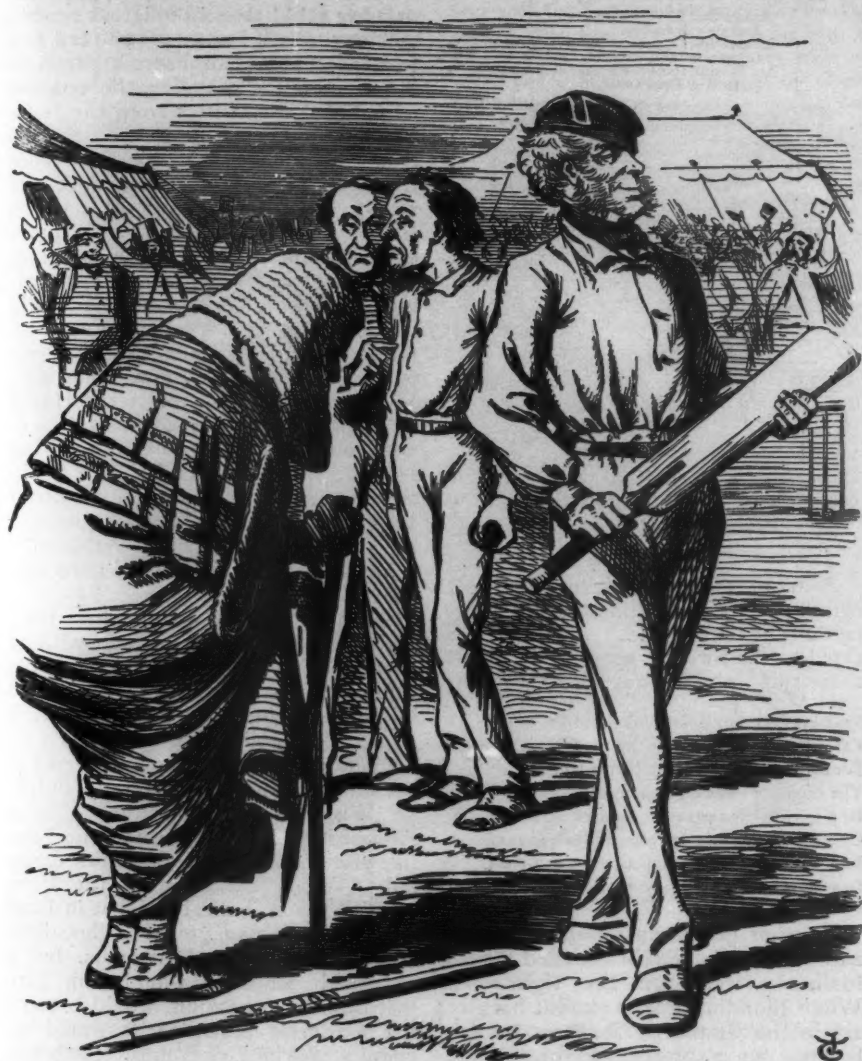
When you wanted to leave me and start for
yourself;

To think of those times makes me quite melan-
choly—

The blood that we wasted—the temper and pelf!

Only own your friend Wilkes is a blundering bully,
And make over Mason and Slidell to me,
And all that is past I'll condone, fair and fully,
Kiss you now, and in future, I *do* hope, agree!

Nevertheless, through the remainder of the civil war *Punch* aimed impartial satire at all of the "dis-United States."



DRAWING THE STUMPS.

CORDEN TO DIZZY. "CARRIES OUT HIS BAT? OF COURSE HE DOES! YOUR UNDERHAND BOWLING 'LL NEVER GET HIM OUT! I'LL SHOW YOU HOW TO DO IT NEXT INNINGS."

"BLONDIN OVER THE FOUNTAINS."—Adapted from

BLONDIN over the Fountains,
BLONDIN over the Cord;
BLONDIN draws all kinds of Snobs,
Lounge, and lout, and Lord;
And BLONDIN's fame should make us proud,
It should on Pascal's word.



A more amiable spirit did *Punch* evince towards the philanthropic benefactions of Jenny Lind. A poem dedicated to the Swedish songbird included these sympathetic lines:

Sweetest creature, in song without rival or peer,
Far more inwardly vibrate thy notes than the ear,
For there speaks in that music, pure, gentle, refined,
The exquisite voice of a beautiful mind—
Of a spirit of earnestness, goodness, and truth,
Of a heart full of tender compassion and ruth,
Ever ready to comfort, and succour, and bless,
In sorrow and suffering, in want and distress.

Another public entertainer, the Canadian Blondin, *Punch* rebuked for his foolhardy tricks on the tight-rope. When Blondin came to exhibit his airy art in the Cremorne Gardens, he was famous for a promenade on a wire stretched across the gorge at Niagara. Praise, on the other hand, *Punch* worthily lavished on Florence Nightingale, the woman of gentle birth (and heart) who with others of her social (and moral) rank went to the Crimea to ease, console, and bless the wounded, sick, and dying. The institution of the Red Cross is due to that sweet lady minister of mercy.

In all its various rôles of censorship,

Punch never showed itself more rational or more rabid than in religious controversies. *Punch* wrote down (and pictured) the House of Peers a parcel of old women for rejecting the removal of political disabilities from the Jews. Persons of that creed were debarred from sitting in Parliament because the Oath of Allegiance contained the words "on the true faith of a Christian." "On the true faith of a pink-eyed, number-twelve-shoe-wearing, empty-match-box-collecting, tripe-eating, Pythagorean bassoonist" would have done as well, it seems to us, in so far as the political effect of the oath was concerned. Anyhow, when Mr. David Salomons, elected to the House of Commons by the people of Greenwich, after omitting the hypocritical phrase "on the true faith of a Christian," not only took a seat, but voted and made a speech—then the question of "Jewish Disabilities" came to a crisis, and the "old women" gave way at last.

Yet the "Ecclesiastical Titles Bill" was championed by *Punch* with a passion of bigotry appropriate to the Middle Ages. Pope Pius IX. had iniquitously bestowed upon thirteen Roman Catholic bishops titles corresponding to the names of dioceses of the one and only Established Church. Dr. Wiseman was impiously nominated Archbishop of Westminster, the Pope likewise infernally creating him cardinal. What! a minion of the Pope wearing his diabolical red hat in England? Not a blue, green, or chocolate-colored hat with yellow spots, but a red hat! England would sink into loathsome degradation, would become the bondmaid of Antichrist, would become a province of Rome! Such was the alarm of merry England, such the apprehension of jocular *Punch*. In spite of opposition from Bright, Cobden, and Gladstone to the resulting bill, that forbade these atrocious popish titles, the bill was passed. But there was some sense of humor left in England, after all. For this law, prohibiting people from calling themselves by names they happened to fancy and from wearing hats of a shape and color

they chanced to prefer, was never enforced. While agitation on the subject was rife, Protestant *Punch* protested against "the withering, man-destroying power of Rome" as follows:

Among various reasons which induce the British public to oppose the Pope of Rome's attempt at domination in this country, is the persuasion, derived from history, that in times past the Pope's Church, when possessed of ascendancy, burnt alive,

Rome, all spiritual obedience, I would immediately seize such Cardinal, try him for High Treason, and, on conviction, send him, in convict grey, to the antipodes. The time has passed when we should protest in the old way against the powers of the Pope of Rome. Our new mode of protest should be delivered by twelve men in a box; our appeal—not to the conscience of the Court of Rome, but to the Jury of the Court of Old Bailey.

This being the case of liberal, enlightened, progressive Protestantism in



WHAT IT HAS COME TO.

Aberdeen. "I MUST LET HIM GO!"

racked, and tortured, or caused and procured to be burnt alive and so forth, a considerable number of human beings, for what it was pleased to call heresy . . . *Mr. Punch* means to say that if the Church is infallible, and cannot make a mistake, it may persecute—whether to the death or short of the death—again.

And here more Protestantism *à la Punch anglaise*:

When a Roman Catholic Pope-appointed Cardinal put on his scarlet hat, and called upon the City of Westminster to do him, in the name of

a free country fifty years back—if Satan had then been called a Protestant he would not be done blushing yet.

The low state of barbarism of the present-day world (vaunted a high state of civilization by optimists) is attested by this fact: the modern books of history still mark the great epochs in the life of a nation by its wars—that is to say, the same sort of encounters by which brute beasts settle their differences.

In the year 1854 Europe became the



THE WICKED GIANT WITH THE TWO HEADS.

scene of such a conflict. A lion, together with a cock, a turkey, and a sardine, got angry at a bear. Emperor Nicholas I., on the plea that certain stipulated rights of his co-religionists (Greek Catholics), subjects under the Crescent, had been violated, for their protection sent an army into the Danubian Principalities. The Sultan declared this measure unjustified and a menace to the safety of his dominions. England and France, alleging the Tsar's motives to be not religious but conquistatorial, set their armies a-foot and their fleets a-sea. The British Premier, Lord Aberdeen, was an opponent to war—all war. But when the Christian nation to which you belong wants blood, you are a cowardly traitor if you are for the loving kindness taught by the Nazarene. Lord Aberdeen, however, was cowardly in another way. Knowing that he could not prevent the war, instead of resign-

ing office, he allowed the public and his cabinet to coerce him—as McKinley, in his heart a man of peace, bent before Congress in 1898. He was ousted while the war was in progress through parliamentary and popular displeasure over the Duke of Newcastle's mismanagement of the military administration. *Punch* took the patriotic part of mocking—though in decent language—all people professing abhorrence of inter-human butchery. Among the despised wearers of the olive, Bright and Cobden, Britain's truest paladins of liberty, were ridiculed in company with the whole Peace Society. At a later period John Bright earned enviable obloquy when he brought forward the *Alabama* claim in the House of Commons—a claim as just as the taking of the Confederate envoys from the *Trent* was outrageous. He merited the opinion of him that Cobden enounced before the people of Manchester: "Your member is the bravest man in Parliament."

Before and after the allies, to whom the King of Sardinia ultimately consorted himself, invaded the Crimea, John Bull's comic expositor reviled the Tsar and his countrymen in the completest manner, leaving no imaginable abuse unsaid. A sulphurous poem cursed Nicholas for a fiend in hell. John Leech drew a portrait which represented Russian soldiers being plied with brandy by vested priests. And despite the fact that every victory of the allies was hard fought and dearly



SLEEPING BATTLE STUNTED BY NEMPH.

ART AT THE ROYAL ACADEMY.



THE POPE "TRYING IT ON" MR. JOHN BULL.



LADY AUDLEY'S SECRET.

bought, in a large cartoon *Punch* depicted the Russian bear cubs running away from the pursuing British grenadiers. But *Punch* also berated the bunglers and the cheats who on the English side were instruments of distress, disease, and death:

Some made black white, just throwing dust into people's eyes.

Others kept their feet warm, by selling boots without soles.

Others drove baggage-waggons with dead horses, and thereby arrived in excellent time.

Others speared the enemy without bayonets, and bombarded walls with pillow-cases.

Others packed quinine in pickle-bottles, and salt pork in pill-boxes, neither did the men over-eat themselves with the latter.

Others purified water with mud, and cleansed sick-rooms without chloride of lime.

Others gave orders for what could not be obtained, and others kept back what could—and much the men got by it.

There were left to rot in or on Crimean earth twenty-five thousand Britons, to say nothing of Sardinians, Frenchmen, Russians, Turks. And

each Christian or Moslem soldier of the Lord who perished,—so pleasantly, so usefully, by lead or steel or sickness,—with his expiring breath triumphantly quoted—in Latin—the famous phrase of Pagan Horace: “Dulce et decorum est pro patria mori”—“T is sweet and seemly for one’s country to die.” History, balancing up the martial credit won in the war, placed the bloody laurel on the brow of General Todleben, who, after defending the town of Sebastopol for a year, had surrendered it to the allies, a heap of ruins—honorable, glorious ruins. Thinking of all that has been perpetrated in the name of religion and patriotism, one must bid envious gratulation to Lucifer: he belongs to no church and to no country.

And now for a reckoning with *Punch*. In the first place, it is a national, not a cosmopolitan journal of humor. Avowing allegiance to no religious creed, subservience to no political party, reverence for no social class, commending or reproving with no respect to persons, *Punch* none the less stands in a British attitude. Though it may lightly deride a foible in one set of people, and rail with bitterness at the faults of another, *Punch* never attacks the whole nation, or one of its established institutions, or any sanctified tradition dear to *all* England: a jibe at the House of Peers implies no discontent with the English principle of inheriting the right to make laws; caricaturing the volunteers casts no doubt on Britain’s military efficiency; a quip at the cost of the Royal Academy is no arraignment of British art. *Punch* has more than once cavilled at the republican system of government existing in foreign countries—never at the republican doctrine ruling in England by which the sovereign is made a (gilt-edged) zero. *Punch* has often declaimed against the Pope and hierarchy of Rome—never against the Pope of Canterbury and his bishops, sitting in the Upper Chamber of Parliament as lawgivers of the nation.

But such prejudice—necessary for conserving individuality, nationality—is no bar to the wielding of much good influence. Thus *Punch* has many a time

expressed sympathy for the poor or humble, exhibited a brave sense of justice, exalted the cause of human liberty. In the pages of *Punch*, the British reader sees the qualities he believes his and his country's best, set forth in pleasing appearance, and what he thinks the faults of other persons and peoples

satirized or sermonized. Therefore the Briton smiles, whether *Punch* is serious in its fun or funny in its seriousness. For what is more delightful to Briton or Russian, to Pope of Rome or Canterbury, to cabby or coster, than a feeling of superiority over some one else.



A MEETING TO DISCUSS THE PRINCIPLES OF PROTECTION AND FREE TRADE.

The Jealous Reprint

OF hand-made paper, deckle-edge,
And clothed in crushed Levant, am I,
A numbered copy, with a pledge
That twenty-five 's the world's supply;
Yet high upon the shelf I pine,
Day in, day out, and year by year,
Untouched by him who calls me "mine,"
Like any common Elzevir.

But he, in rusty parchment clad,
A battered vagrant, foxed and flea'd,
Has all to make him proud and glad,
He's not for show, he's kept to read.
For him there's camaraderie,
The easy chair, the glowing log,
While I must sleep, content to be
An item in a catalogue.

—A. H.

Chicago as a Storm Centre

By FRANKLIN MATTHEWS

Author of "Our Navy in Time of War," "The New-Born Cuba," etc.

IT is related of an English traveller that as he was rounding the lower end of Lake Michigan, in his quest of the novel in American life, he saw a great black smudge against the sky to the northwest, fifteen miles away, and in alarm he said to the porter of the Pullman car:

"Why, bless me, what 's that?"

"That, suh," said the porter, "why, that 's—that 's Chicago."

And so it was—Chicago up in the air, a somewhat chronic condition of that interesting town. Unfeeling critics of Chicago have referred to it as the "tough" of American cities, and unfortunately there is some justification for the designation, but that is n't the whole story. The truth is that in many things she is typically American, not entirely a pleasant thing to say. She may be loud and awkward—yes, even a little vulgar—but she has a good heart, although she is constantly cutting up capers, ever since Mrs. O'Leary's cow kicked over that lamp, and when she stirs herself in the path of virtue look out for a mighty wrath. Spread this broadcast to her everlasting credit: She has put down anarchists and she has put down boodlers. She may be a good deal of a smudge, not nice to look at, but inside she's white.

This applies to the real Chicago—not the Chicago you see against the sky as you round Lake Michigan; not the Chicago you smell as you pass the stockyards; not the Chicago that flaunts itself and its awful vice right in the heart of the city and upon its principal streets; not the Chicago of thieves and thugs and gamblers with its levee as their home; not the Chicago of graft and dirt and ill-kept streets and inadequate and corrupt police. It applies to the Chicago of hundreds of thousands of good, sweet American homes, the Chicago that loves truth and decency, the Chicago that supports one of the greatest orchestras

in the world, the Chicago that has a notable art museum, the Chicago that has purified its municipal life to an extent that may well put to shame her sister American cities, the Chicago that has hanged anarchists and that makes them afraid to show their heads, the Chicago that has a noble and peculiarly American university, the Chicago that has thousands of high-minded and public-spirited citizens, the Chicago that has clean newspapers, the Chicago of fine libraries and superb schools—the Chicago that is righteous. Oh, yes, there is such a Chicago and she 's something to be proud of!

Nevertheless, Chicago is a place of terrible disturbances. She goes to extremes. Let anything typically American, good, bad, or indifferent, come up—Chicago has it. No mistake about that. It 's there, and she generally has the distinction of starting it. Chicago invented the American word hustle. The word existed long before Chicago was born, but no one really ever knew what it meant until she got what she called a "move on" herself. Then she invented that uncomfortable American thing known as Civic Pride. It was Civic Pride that prompted her to rob New York of the Columbian World's Fair, and she did it. She nearly "went broke" as a result, but, as the saying goes, she spent her money free, and a good deal of money, as well, that was n't hers.

Chicago's Civic Pride had a great boost, and the bad example spread to other cities and towns until the Exposition Disease became epidemic and is raging yet, making us all sick at heart and poor in purse, having taken no less than \$25,000,000 out of the national treasury and probably five times as much from us as individuals to pay the bills of the ravages of this woe-ful ailment. What a grudge we owe Chicago for her Civic Pride, that blow-hard and brag-all quality of American manners!

And then Chicago got the annexation fever. She made herself ninety-six square miles big. It was only a question of time when she would absorb the rest of the United States. New York saw herself getting small and she had to go into the annexation business as a counter-irritant, and that's what it has been, as all the taxpayers of Manhattan and the politicians of Brooklyn will admit. That checkmating move of New York's stopped the headlong career of Chicago in swallowing us all up, and no other large American city came down with the ravages of the annexation germ. Chicago was n't to blame. She had to do something, and the biggest thing she could imagine was to dig the Atlantic Ocean right up to her doors and make New York a way station on the road to Europe. She thought New York ought to be thankful to have the steamers stop there at all, say for half an hour or so. Chicago has got all over the annexation fever and so have the rest of us. And we are all glad!

And then think of some of the things that are Chicago's *sui generis*. She raised herself on stilts from a quagmire and built herself a city from the third story up. That time she went literally up in the air. Then she had the greatest fire in modern times. She rallied from that in a way that excited the admiration of the world. She went into the stockyards and grain business and made the American loaf of bread and the American hog known the world over. She developed a lake commerce that in tonnage rivalled and surpassed that of New York. All the railroads in the Western Hemisphere seemed to come knocking at her doors. All the people who had n't any place else to go came as well and she grew and grew until she seemed to bid fair to surpass the giant that Jack killed.

Then Chicago taught the world how to build tall buildings of steel. She had to build them, for there was n't room in her narrow business district for the people who had to have elbow-room there. Plainly speaking, she got the swelled head and she had to cure herself. She's pretty near normal

now, for with fires and strikes and disasters truly she has had hard knocks. Chicago to-day, sober and sedate, chastened and saddened for her recklessness and her exuberant foolishness, with aspirations partly fulfilled for decency in municipal affairs, with her citizens aroused to the stern necessity of wiping out a terrible stain of prolonged and flagrant crime, with her face turned toward the path of virtue, is not the devil-may-care, swaggering, careless, criminal Chicago of ten years ago.

If there is any one line of disturbance that Chicago has excelled in peculiarly, it has been labor troubles. When it comes to strikes, Chicago cannot be surpassed. In that respect she beats us all. There was that Pullman trouble. Chicago was going not only to tie up all the railroads of the country, but she set out to prove that she was "bigger" than the United States Government itself. She was Chicago; she wanted you to understand that. What did the rest of the country amount to anyway? And it took the fearless, relentless spirit of a stubborn, persistent President of the United States, who never yielded to public clamor and who despised the acclaim of the mob, one Grover Cleveland by name, to bring her to her senses.

Cowed but not crushed, Chicago went on and coddled more strikes. If she did n't breed the Walking Delegate she nurtured him fondly at her breast, and he grew strong and arrogant and turned upon her. He drove many of her manufacturers out of town. He tied up her industries. He struck her in the face. He finally turned conspirator and entered into combinations and deals with wicked men so that one set of business men became cut-throat partners with him against another set, and the assassination of business interests was known to all men and almost of daily occurrence. And all this reached a climax in the last few months when practically it was demanded that the dead should not be buried unless the union label was plastered upon their brows. The Walking Delegate made the livery drivers strike. It was not safe to bring a hearse out on the

streets. Riots took place at church doors, and every sacred sentiment and emotion in the hour of death was trampled upon and made a mockery. Then it was that Chicago reached her lowest shame!

And black—yes, blacker than the pall of smoke that envelops her—has been her record of crime. No other American city ever had so dastardly a crime as the Cronin murder. No other city has encouraged the ruin of children for money like Chicago. No other city, outside of the uncouth mining and frontier towns of the West, has ever encouraged the gambler and the thug like Chicago. The very centre of the town, the choicest spot she has, she has given over to the debased of both sexes. The hold-up man is the progeny of it all. Her police have lived in the world of graft and have become partners of the thug. Her streets have never been safe. And all this had a recent culmination in the arrest of the Car Barn Bandits, mere boys, four of them, who murdered nearly a score of persons because it was easier than working. They got thirty-five cents in one murder and something like fifty cents in another, and then they remarked humorously that the price of human life in Chicago was going up. True it has been that Chicago was the "tough" of American cities.

Turn now to the brighter side. Within five years Civic Virtue, not foolish Civic Pride, has been aroused. Under the influence of the Municipal Voters' League the Chicago city legislature has been purified. The boodler has been banished. There is no more trafficking in public franchises. Corrupt agents of mighty corporations no longer debauch the public conscience. A band of resolute citizens has fought fire with fire and has made wholesome some foul places. The work has only just begun, but the impractical "reformer" has not hindered the march of decency.

Chicago, like most of our American cities, has always suffered from "country rule." State rings have made her laws and she should not be blamed for

many of her shortcomings. Her graft has never been so flagrant as the graft of New York and Philadelphia. It has been the graft of individuals largely, rather than of organized and close-corporationed rings. She has been easy-going in her graft. Her police and many of her other officials have grown rich on it. The politicians took so much money that she has never cleaned her streets properly, and that has cost her heavily in human life. The politicians have kept her back in public improvements, and within a few years it has been a common sight to see board sidewalks almost in the centre of a great American city.

On the other hand, under a wise system, and with a pride that has known no offensiveness, she has built up probably the finest system of public parks in this country, and her boulevards are show places worthy of any city in the world. Her great university has grown year by year until its leavening influence has made Chicago a centre of refinement and culture. She has had her freaks among her college professors, but these have added chiefly to the gayety of nations. Her scientific men have made important discoveries, especially in relation to the secrets of life. Her art galleries, developed along true lines, have been uplifting. Her devotion to music, even if one of her eminent citizens did remark, after coming out of a concert, that "that fellow Wagner might better have stuck to building palace cars," has been notable. Even now she is raising a fund of \$750,000 to maintain a public orchestra, something that no other American city is doing or has done. In literature she has many choice possessions. Almost matchless, too, has been her record in journalism. Until recently Chicago has never known what "yellow journalism" is. Her newspapers have been wholesome, clean, fervent for the right, and have preserved that influence for power that, alas, has been slipping away from the newspapers in other cities, because of the greed for money.

Yes, Chicago is right at heart. She sits to-day in the shadow of a terrible

theatre disaster mourning her six hundred dead, a disaster chargeable in the first instance to carelessness, inspired by official graft, but she is lifting up her head. Her citizens are organizing

to drive out the thugs and to purify the laws, her labor pest is being stamped out, her mayor is finally awake, her people are aroused. Chicago has been purified and is being purified by fire.

Some Recent Biography and Autobiography

Henry James's *Life of Story*, Lord Wolseley's *Reminiscences*

By JEANNETTE L. GILDER

III

AN ARTIST AND HIS FRIENDS

MR. Henry James's "*Life of William Wetmore Story*"* is unique among biographies. Here we not only have the personality of Story but we have that of Mr. James as well. His views of people and things are freely expressed, and serve, as it were, the peg on which to hang the letters and fragments of the artist's autobiography. Mr. James was not of the same generation as the sculptor, but they were friends and were intimate in the same circles at home and abroad.

America has turned out few more interesting men than William Wetmore Story. Son of a famous lawyer, he was a lawyer himself in the early days of his career, and wrote several legal tomes that are part of every well equipped law library to-day. His legal mind was an inheritance, as was his legal education, but his tastes ran for art, and though his days were given to the study and practice of law his nights were devoted to dabbling with more esthetic things. As an amateur he turned out so many admirable pieces of sculpture that when Boston decided to erect a statue to his father he was chosen to make it. He did not, however, think himself sufficiently well equipped and went abroad to study sculpture in Rome. It was then that he decided to drop the law and devote

himself to art, with what success the world already knows. But Mr. Story was more than a lawyer and more than a sculptor; he was a poet, novelist, and citizen of the world.

A more delightful companion it would be hard to imagine, for he was a man of catholic tastes, great knowledge, and keen appreciation of the good things of literature, art, and life.

Of the group of Story's friends, who later were Mr. James's friends, the latter says:

But the rest of the young company of the time were friends, too, of each other's friends, admirers, visitors, guileless invokers of each other's brides that were to be; and we see the whole little society, in the light of the decent manners of the time, as carrying out, with studies, emotions, enthusiasms, with confidences, in short, all shared the dim Arcadian appearance with which they beset us. If they were pleased with themselves and with each other they were pleased, for the most part, with every one else, from Goethe to Lydia Maria Child.

It is a great pity that only a few of Story's letters to Lowell and of Lowell's letters to Story have been preserved. Those that are in existence, however, are full, as Mr. James remarks, of interest and character. Sumner's first letter to Story is in the nature of a lecture. Story apparently was fond of pleasure and gave his family a certain amount of anxiety. Sumner writes him:

The pleasures which you are now reaching after, and for which you are sacrificing the precious fruits

* "*Life of William Wetmore Story*." By Henry James. Houghton, Mifflin, & Co. 2 vols. \$5.00.

of knowledge, are like the apples which floated on the Dead Sea, fair and golden to the sight, but dust and cinders to the touch.

Evidently Story profited by his friend's advice and exchanged the Dead Sea fruit for more wholesome diet.

The first letter from Lowell printed in this book was written to Miss Emelyn Eldredge, the young lady whom Story married in his twenty-third year, and to whom he was then engaged. Lowell is writing from Boston to Miss Eldredge, who was visiting in New York. He thinks that the latter will have a dull time when she returns to Boston.

Ah! we poor puritanical Boston people will seem quite tame and flat, I am afraid, to young ladies who have been in the every-day society of mustaches, and who have met foreign ambassadors face to face. One thing I beseech. Do not bring home a New York dress, which with the extravagant tastes and propensities of the skirt will preclude the possibility of a friend's walking with you on one of our narrow sidewalks.

The next letter quoted is from Story in Boston to his father, the judge, in Washington. He tells the latter that "the rage of Boston has turned from parties to lectures. What with Waldo Emerson and useful knowledge, and Lowell Institute and grammar and temperance, the whole world is squeezed through the pipe of science. All go to be filled, as the students of old went with their bowl for milk."

Two years later than the date of this letter, in February, 1842, Dickens was in Boston, and Story writes to his father:

Dickens himself is frank and hearty, and with a considerable touch of rowdiness in his manner. But his eyes are fine, and the whole muscular action of the mouth and lower part of the face beautifully free and vibratory. People eat him here! Never was there such a revolution; Lafayette was nothing to it. But he is too strong and healthy a mind to be spoiled even by the excessive adulation and flattery that he receives.

In another letter to his father we find Story speaking of the anti-slavery element, with which he was not in much sympathy. "Garrison," he writes,

"has been emitting serpents from his mouth, like the girl in the fairy story. Red Wendell Phillips is coming down to-day upon all creation."

Two years later Story finds himself the father of a child (Mr. Julian Story, the husband of Mme. Emma Eames). He writes to Lowell in a burst of enthusiasm of this child, whom he describes as a poem.

Now and again we find Mr. James making his remarks on society in Boston.

Of what society in particular [he asks himself] can have been Mr. Rufus Griswold, who peeps at me out of old New York years, years of earliest boyhood, far away and as of another planet, and shows a general presence rather the reverse of prepossessing, yet strangely distinct? I seem to see him pass in and out of the house of childhood with a lurid complexion, long, dark, damp-looking hair, and tone of conciliation—unless I do him wrong.

From Boston the scene shifts to Rome, where the Storys found a friend of their Boston days, Margaret Fuller, "whose incongruous marriage," remarks Mr. James, "at first, as would seem, awkwardly occult, had not yet offered her to the world, perhaps more awkwardly still, as Mme. d'Ossoli." Again, writing of Margaret Fuller, Mr. James asks how this much-discussed woman would have affected the world "in our own luminous age."

It matters only for the amusement of evocation—since she left nothing behind her, her written utterance being naught; but to what would she have corresponded, have "rhymed," under categories actually known to us? Would she, in other words, with her appetite for ideas and her genius for conversation, have struck us but as a formidable bore, one of the worst kind, a culture seeker without a sense of proportion, or, on the contrary, have affected us as a really attaching, a possibly picturesque, New England Corinne?

Such speculations, he thinks, are perhaps too idle. The facts of the appearance of this singular woman "have in themselves quite sufficient color, and the fact in particular of her having achieved, so unaided and so ungraced, a sharp identity." Then he hastens to add that Mme. d'Ossoli's circle

represented, after all, a small stage, and that there were those on its edges to whom she was not pleasing. This was the case with Lowell and, discoverably, with Hawthorne; the legend of whose having had her in his eye for the figure of Zenobia, while writing "The Blithedale Romance," surely never held water. She inspired Mrs. Browning, on the other hand, with sympathy and admiration.

Mr. James himself apparently cannot see that she was much more than an "angular Boston sibyl."

To return to the Story's Italian circle, there was "old Mrs. Trollope, seeking a contrast, in a villa at Bellosguardo, from those domestic manners of the Americans which she had not long before so luridly commemorated"; and Crawford, the sculptor, "who was to transmit his name to so distinguished an association in another art"; and Greenough and Powers, "whose 'Greek Slave,' so undressed, yet so refined, even so pensive, in sugar-white alabaster, exposed under little domed glass covers in such American homes as could bring themselves to think such things right"; and Cropsey, "thin, thin, and yet once thick enough, as thick as the luscious paint itself on those canvases, all autumnal scarlet, amber, orange, which were not the least of the glories of the 'Hudson River school'"; last, but not least, the Brownings, and here we get Story's portrait from life in a letter to "My Dear Jim," meaning James Russell Lowell:

The Brownings and we became friends in Florence, and of course we could not become friends without liking each other. He, Emeline says, is like you—judge from this portrait. He is of my size, but slighter, with straight, black hair, and small eyes, wide apart, which he twitches constantly together; a smooth face, a slightly aquiline nose, and manners nervous and rapid. He has a great vivacity, but not the least humor, some sarcasm, considerable critical faculty, and great frankness and friendliness of manner and mind. Mrs. Browning used to sit buried up in a large, easy chair, listening and talking quietly and pleasantly, with nothing of that peculiarity which one would expect from reading her poems. Her eyes are small, her mouth large; she wears a cap and long curls. Unaffected and pleasant and simple-hearted is she, and Browning says: "Her poems are the least good part of her."

In this same circle we find other Americans, among them Harriet Hosmer and Charlotte Cushman, whom Story in a letter to Lowell calls "Charlotte" and "Hatty."

Hatty [he says] takes a high hand here with Rome, and would have the Romans know that a Yankee girl can do anything she pleases, walk alone, ride her horse alone, and laugh at their rules. The Cushman [he adds] sings savage ballads in a hoarse, manly voice, and requests people recitatively to forget her not. I'm sure I shall not.

"Ghosts," Mr. James calls these people of the past. "Hatty" he describes as "the most eminent member of that strange sisterhood of American 'lady sculptors' who at one time settled upon the seven hills in a white, marmorean flock." Then Mr. James discusses Miss Cushman, whom he remembers as a youth, "whose career, properly examined, would probably vivify for us some of the differences, for better or for worse, between the old theatre and the new."

There is so much in Mr. James's book that one wants to quote, so little that can be skipped, that I am filled with despair. I can only say: Take the book and read it. You have never read a biography like it in your life, and will never read another, unless Mr. James is again inspired.

IV

A SOLDIER'S TRUMPET-BLAST

One of the most interesting of the autobiographies of the season is Lord Wolseley's "The Story of a Soldier's Life."* Even in these two volumes Lord Wolseley has not told all that he has to say. They break off with the Ashantee campaign of 1874, but there are promises of another volume or two which will probably bring his story down to date.

It seems that Lord Wolseley lost all his letters, diaries, and papers by fire some years ago, but he has kept the events of his life well stored in his memory, and with such papers as are

*"The Story of a Soldier's Life." By Field-Marshal Viscount Wolseley. Scribner. 2 vols. \$2.00 net.

left he has written a book that will cause his countrymen to do some hard thinking. Nothing could be more outspoken than Lord Wolseley is in these volumes, but he has not written for the sake of making a sensation, but to speak the truth and to arouse England to an alarming situation. He makes this direct statement:

We are never ready for war, and yet we never have a Cabinet that would dare to tell the people this truth. Our absolute unreadiness for war is known to all our thoughtful soldiers, and without any doubt all the details which go to make up the fact are duly recorded and docketed in the War Office of every European nation.

"England the unready nation" is the way he describes his country in this outspoken book. Not only is England of the present day unprepared for war, but it seems that the situation was the same during the Crimean War. Lord Wolseley's description of the privations that the army suffered during that famous campaign are graphic and terrible. Through ignorance, the people urged.

The blundering of the English Government in the Crimean War does not seem to have taught it a lesson, for its unpreparedness for war is apparently as marked to-day as it was then.

During the Rebellion in the United States, Lord Wolseley visited this country—he was then a Colonel—and succeeded in getting inside of the Confederate lines. He was eager to see General Lee, for whom he had a great admiration. If Lee had had his way the Confederacy would have won, according to Lord Wolseley. It was the interference of civilians that lost that cause. General Lee he describes as "that greatest of all modern leaders," and later he adds:

He was the ablest general, and to me seemed the greatest man, I ever conversed with; and yet I have had the privilege of meeting von Moltke and Prince Bismarck, and at least upon one occasion had a very long and intensely interesting conversation with the latter. General Lee was one of the few men who ever seriously impressed and awed me with their natural, their inherent greatness. Forty

years have come and gone since our meeting, yet the majesty of his manly bearing, the genial, winning grace, the sweetness of his smile, and the impressive dignity of his old-fashioned style of address come back to me amongst the most cherished of my recollections. His greatness made me humble, and I never felt my own individual insignificance more keenly than I did in his presence.

Lord Wolseley also met Stonewall Jackson, whom he classes "with no one whom I ever met or read of in history." Lee he found the very type, physically and socially, of "a proud cavalier who would certainly have fought for his king had he lived when Rupert charged at Naseby. Jackson," he adds, "would have been more at home amongst Cromwell's Ironsides upon that fatal June 14th."

Lord Wolseley does not enter into the question of whether the Southern States' eventual independence as a separate power would or would not have been a benefit to America generally or to the outside world. He confines himself exclusively to the question in its military and naval aspects. But as a close student of war all his life, and especially of this Confederate war, he believes that "had the ports of the Southern States been kept open to the markets of the world by the action of any great naval power, the Confederacy must have secured their independence." Such, at least, is his dispassionate opinion, and he adds:

Surely the time has come when the men of what is now the greatest Power on earth—the present United States of America—can afford to hear such an opinion without any feeling against the soldier who states it for what it is worth.

Had Lord Wolseley been a Southerner in 1861 he would certainly have thrown in his lot with the Confederacy. But had he been a Northerner he would have laughed at all notions of "States' rights."

The last chapter of Lord Wolseley's book is devoted to "England the Unready Nation."

If this trumpet-blast does not arouse England to its military shortcomings nothing will.

Books of To-Day and Books of To-Morrow

DEAR BELINDA,—

When Christmas is definitely over a sigh of relief comes over every one. We keep up a nodding acquaintance with Father Christmas because he is so very old. It would be disrespectful to treat him with any less consideration. Fortunately he only comes around once a year, and there are some who boldly assert that they would be better pleased if he appeared but once in three years, or even less often. But Christmas has once more been got through, and now comes the first month of the New Year in which to clear things up. December seemed to bring about a paralysis of everything. The table where I write now is in a state of abominable confusion simply because this incubus of Christmas has been hanging over. To clear up I hardly know where to begin, the disorder is so great. It would be a comfort if one could relieve one's mind by sending telegrams to everybody, but to relieve one's mind at such an expense to one's pocket is a remedy worse than the complaint. Something must be done. It eases my mind to unburden myself to you in a letter, and this I am doing first of all.

The natural history of the month of January is peculiar. The history of each month is peculiar. The first thing most people do in the new year is to sit down in their arm-chairs and wonder if they are as happy or as miserable as they look. The answer to this question often depends upon so unimportant a matter as a banking account. There are bills, it is true, but then, also, there are dividends. "Be not angry with your creditors if they importune you; it is nobler to forgive and forget them." This motto needs no recommendation. It is already very widely known and acted upon. "Pay as you go, but not if you are going for good," is yet another maxim which is appropriately placed here in any remarks upon the natural history of mankind during the month of January. It is indeed a cheering and comforting maxim to many the whole year round.

Enough kind people have sent me Christmas and New Year's cards with angels and wings which, when unfolded, revealed verses of little hymns quite inappropriate to my present condition of mind. The mottoes and verses on cards of salutation for the New Year require revision. Most Christmas cards are very depressing—not only the words upon them, but the designs as well. As to the words they lack sincerity; and as to the designs they lack beauty of line or of color. More cheerful words might be based upon the following models: "How long, ye simple ones, will ye go in for Platonic friendship?" "A kiss though sometimes heard is never seen." "A kiss in time makes nine." Excellent mottoes these for cold winter months. Many people cannot live without mottoes. They have mottoes in all manner of languages which they do not understand. Mottoes on their houses, mottoes in their gardens, mottoes on their book-plates and in their books, mottoes on their note-paper. They have books and encyclopædias of mottoes, and yet they are no happier and no wiser than the rest of mankind—no, nor any more amusing. The motto flourishes in January. There are people who take a fresh motto every year to see how it works, and there are people who for years past have started every year with a programme or "plan of work." People who do this are always people who have never done a stroke of work in their lives and who never will.

But I have yet left much to be said about the month of January. A foreigner spending the month of January in England would be sure to remark that the prevailing characteristics of London streets and places of amusement were centred in the schoolboys and schoolgirls. They simply swarm about. In the summer-time, during the holidays, boys and girls are packed off to the sea, or they take themselves to the country to catch butterflies or beetles, or to play cricket and croquet,

and to use kodaks. Now, in the long winter Christmas holidays, there is no knowing what to do with them. In the summer a boy is happy if you give him a squirt and an open window to use the same. In the winter he forgets that there are such joys, and he insists upon occupying the best seats at the Hippodrome and the theatres and restaurants, and making most unheard-of noises when he is pleased or displeased. He has no restraint, no reticence; he cannot play bridge or talk scandal. He reads his mother's letters, and turns his sister's blotting-paper upside down before the looking-glass. You may just as well keep rabbits or parrots as keep boys. I know, of course, there are girls, schoolgirls I mean, and God forbid that I should say a word against them; for girls, as I once heard some one say, are the young of women. Girls have strange tastes and large appetites. Their love of jam and sweets is amazing. When they cannot get jam they have been known to eat Cherry tooth-paste, and wash it down with citrate of magnesia. They are very stuck-up and proud, especially if they think a curate or an actor has looked approvingly upon them. The school magazine was invented as a safety-valve for the romantic schoolgirl who loves George Alexander not wisely but too well. Herein she writes little stories and poems, and even plays, in case her hero at the St. James's Theatre should ever find himself short of a selection of plays from which to choose. The romantic schoolgirl may be noted by the fancy paper which she invariably uses for her letters in moments of great stress of feeling. The note-paper, with its forget-me-not in the corner, has a language of its own, no doubt.

I have now dealt to the full with the month of January. As to the other months I can hardly yet tell you, as I have not consulted "Old Moore's Almanac." I am without any powers of divination myself. I wish for powers of peeping into futurity, like the gardener in Lewis Carroll's book, who sang such pretty nonsense songs:

He thought he saw a rattlesnake
That questioned him in Greek;
He looked again, and saw it was
The middle of next week:
"The one thing I regret," he said,
"Is that it cannot speak."

Having talked so much and said so little, I will now try to make some differential allusions to one or two of the successful books of this past month. Success should always command deference, and the "Creevey Papers,"* edited by Sir Herbert Maxwell, are entitled to a first place. It is difficult to say what is best in the book, it is all so good, and after reading Old Creevey's letters one is quite disposed to love him; and after looking at Mrs. Creevey's portrait in the second volume one is disposed to love her as well. One thing we should be glad to hear is how much has been omitted from what Creevey wrote. There seems good reason to believe that the best remains so far unpublished. It is hoped that Mr. Murray will not in any moment of squeamishness consign the unpublished material to the fire, as his forbears treated Byron's journals.

Alas! that I should have been prevented last month, through limited space and limited time, from alluding to many books which every one would like to read. Lady Colin Campbell's "A Woman's Walks" consists of delightful chapters of travel at home and abroad. The book is adorned with a lovely portrait in color, by Percy Anderson, and, unlike most portraits in books, this one really resembles the original. No one can read anything which Lady Colin Campbell writes without deciding at once that she is at the head of women journalists. She knows and she observes. She is accurate and scholarly. She can spell correctly in several languages—a very rare quality in a woman. Lady Colin Campbell is not only the best of woman journalists, but she is certainly, judged by the portrait, the best-looking.

Douglas Sladen's book, "Queer Things about Japan," was published

* New York. E. P. Dutton & Co., 2 vols.

too late to be mentioned last month. Mr. Sladen's book gives the intimate life of the Japanese people. To read the book is the next best thing to going to Japan. There are thirty finely colored illustrations of Japanese life by Hokusai, and no end of clever incisive things in the narrative of the book. We have learned much from Japan and Japan has learned much from us. From Japan we in the West have learnt that a great nation can exist without freestone houses or mahogany sideboards. Japan has learned from us that no nation can be a great nation unless its men wear trousers and its women abandon paper underclothing. In Japan a woman does not marry for a husband, but to be unpaid servant to his family. The daughters in a really smart Japanese household have a very fine trousseau, but receive no portion of the family fortune unless there is no son, in which case an unhappy male being is introduced into the household to marry the heiress, *and is treated as a wife*. It is he who plays the lady's maid, and may be discharged like a

cab for no other reason than that he is not wanted any longer. In Japan a child who marries against a parent's consent may not attend family prayers. This appears to be a deterrent from marriage in Japan! Douglas Sladen has travelled much and written much, but this book about Japan is the best he has done. It is much in season just now, and likely to remain in season.

Well, and is there any other news? The German Emperor has recovered his voice, and at the same time lost his temper about Waterloo. They still call Dover Street (that land of women's clubs) "Petticoat Lane," and a certain well-known new ladies' club is nicknamed—not "The Rag," but "The Rag-bag." The new seats at the Gaiety Theatre are spacious enough, but as it is impossible to hold each other's hands in the stalls, those seats will be reserved for married people only.

Your friend,
ARTHUR PENDENYS.

LONDON, January, 1904.

The Editor's Clearing-House

The contributions to this department are supposed to be somewhat more intimate in manner and subject than those in other parts of the magazine. They are more or less the expression of personal feeling. It may be the airing of a grievance, the exploiting of an enthusiasm. Perhaps the remarks here made may arouse discussion among their readers. So much the better. The editor will, when moved to do so, comment on the contributions. The department will be, as it were, an editorial clearing-house in which it is hoped that every reader of THE CRITIC will become personally interested.

References to Poetry in the Letters of Keats

It has been said that a man's taste may be told by a glance at his book-case. This is, of course, largely true except with the man, who, although he owns both books and book-case, is never moved to disassociate the one from the other. Fortunately for literature, John Keats was not a man of this kind, for although he did not have a very large library, he seems to have known well the authors whose works were in his possession.

The letters of Keats, the first one of which was written in October, 1816, cover the all-too-short productive period of his brief career, and even give us a glimpse of him at Rome

just before his death. These letters, although many of them are in connection with business affairs or are mere notes of a dozen lines, or less, contain many references to poetry, and it has been conjectured that a careful tabulation of these references would give a clew to the trend of Keats's mind, and would furnish some new data for a discussion of that question which is of such absorbing interest in connection with every great author—the question of literary influence.

In the two hundred and seventeen letters which are included in the Forman Edition, there are some sixty-three references to Shakespeare. Next to him comes Milton with twenty. Wordsworth and Hunt each have

rather more references than Milton, but the great majority of them are to the men rather than to their poetry and so are not pertinent to the present subject. The next place in the list falls to Byron with twelve. As in the cases of Wordsworth and Hunt, several of these references are purely personal. It seems as if Keats read most of the verse of his contemporaries, but was influenced by none of it, with the possible exception of certain things in Wordsworth. After Byron come Burns and Moore with seven each. Almost all the references to Burns are called up by Keats's trip through Scotland and stay at Dumfries in 1818, though there are one or two eulogies which show that the English author was in thorough sympathy with the great Scotch lyricist. Tom Moore also is mentioned more often as a man than as a poet.

Then follow Homer and Dante with six each. It is a curious fact that the poet who above all the moderns is supposed to have voiced the Greek spirit should have only eight references to Greek literature in his letters. Besides the six to Homer, already mentioned, Sappho and Theocritus each has one.

There are five references to Chaucer and Scott, and the following have three each: Sheridan, Fielding, Cervantes, Chatterton, the Bible, and Coleridge.

Those referred to twice are: Shelley, Spenser, Ariosto, Sterne, Swift, Bunyan, Fletcher, Rousseau, Jonson, and Voltaire.

Those referred to only once are: Smollett, Chesterfield, Defoe, Burton, Massinger, Pope, Richardson, Thompson, Crabbe, Southey, Rogers, Ronsard, Petrarch, Gay, Grey, Corneille, and Boccaccio.

If we eliminate Burns and the contemporaries from our list, the rather striking result is as follows:

Shakespeare, 63;
Milton, 20;
Homer, 6;
Dante, 6;
Chaucer, 5.

These figures show more clearly than any words could do the predominance of Shakespeare, and in a lesser degree of Milton, over the mind of Keats. It seems from a study of the order in which these references occur as if the influence of the latter was strongest between 1818 and 1820, while Keats was doing his most successful work, while his passion for Shakespeare apparently reached its culmination in 1817.

LOUIS VERNON LEDOUX.

A New Field for Writers of Fiction

No work that has been done in fiction has ever held the attention of the real, living, every-day world more than has that work of Mr. Rudyard Kipling which deals with the life of the English soldier, both the enlisted man and the commissioned officer. Although the Englishman already knew a good deal about his army and navy, it was not until Mr. Kipling wrote his stories that the private life of the soldier was made known to his civilian brothers.

Mr. Kipling laid bare to the world that only knew the soldier on parade, or at a Queen's review, or in camp at Aldershot, his hopes and his fears, his happy hours and those hours of black despair. He told this other world, in his stories, about that world in which the man lived who wore the Queen's uniform and stood guard along the "far-flung battle-line" that girdles the earth. And now all Englishmen and a good many Americans know something of the life of Tommy Atkins.

The soldier of the United States army—that hardest-fighting, cleanest-living, most intelligent soldier in all the world—has had no Mr. Kipling to inform his civilian brothers about his ways of living. One of his own officers—Captain Charles King—attempted to do so, but drifted into the unhappy habit of writing very romantic love stories in which the soldier appeared only as a most hazy and vague background, in which he would not even recognize himself. Another of his officers—Mr. George I. Putnam—started in to give the soldier a place in the literature of his country, but he became a disciple of Mr. W. D. Howells to such an extent that one reading his novels and stories could not even discern the outlines of an army post.

But there is a great deal of interest and color and charm in the life of our regular soldiers, and they have so many and such interesting ways of life that it seems a pity that these should not be known to the reading public.

With us the life of the regular soldier is almost a myth. Mr. Remington has, in his pictures, shown us something of military life in the far West. And from these pictures and a few short stories the American people have gathered the impression that the regular and the cowboy and the Indian made up the life of the great West. This is in no way true.

No one has ever written a novel—a really first-class work of fiction—dealing with the

life of the regular soldier. And yet the regular's life is one crammed full of color and action and interest. It is not limited to any one locality, but is bounded only by the edges of the earth. Every evening at sunset the band is playing the "Star-Spangled Banner" and the companies are standing at "attention," not only in a dozen different army posts near our large cities, but in Alaska, along the Mexican border, upon little islands in mid-ocean, in the snows of Montana, and under the burning sun of the Philippine Islands. While some officers are getting into fur coats to take "retreat" in a blizzard, other officers are getting into evening clothes to attend dinners and Germans in New York or Washington or Chicago, and still other officers are out in the jungle in blue shirts hunting down *ladrones*.

And the soldier has suffered. God alone knows how he has suffered. He has starved and died in a hundred different ways. He has his pleasures, for which he would die rather than give up. He is a boy in some things, a philosopher in other things. He knows how to live and how to die.

Indeed, there is no field in fiction so full of color and charm and originality. And it has been practically untouched.

ROBERTSON HOWARD, JR.

On Some Phases of the American Spirit

In the family of nations there is, perhaps, no more impressive example of the nobility of protest than our own American Union. We were born of the passionate blood of Protestantism. Our leaders wrought for politics what Martin Luther three hundred years before wrought for religion. We catechized, humiliated, dethroned a tyrannous sovereignty and substituted, for the directing of our federation, consent in the place of authority. A generous allowance of frank disobedience enters the equipment of every child of American parentage. While we are still too young as a nation to afford more than a hint from our experimental stage, our youth has been so fiery, so rapid, so precocious that we can begin to discern tendencies which will soon mature as traits.

Democracies have a subtle way of anointing their citizens as monarchs individual: instead of a king there are many kings. Our princes of the blood royal are legion and composed of all the alien, dying dynasties of the wide earth. Power so liberally dispensed soon

breeds contempt for that of others, since what is easily acquired is heedlessly borne or lightly lost. In a democracy, patriotism, which is essentially a beautiful wedding of self-respect and self-confidence, imperceptibly runs into an aureoled self-conceit. Such a patriotism you will find busier about its rights than its duties, about its weapons than its tools. The ego nationalized and worshipped is not calculated to make a noble people.

This impatience with order and simplicity, this contempt for authority, has banished reverence. The two great forms of the Christian tradition, in that they rest upon authority,—one upon the infallible oracle of a man, the other upon the utterance of a book,—exercise a waning influence over the souls of the citizens. This truth may be obscured by the juggling of statistics, but within our generation it will prove to be incontrovertible. The greatest paradox in the American spirit to-day is the existence side by side of two opposed traits. An overwhelming amount of sentiment akin to ecstasy joins with an unparalleled materialism. If these be hard sayings, compare the national moods in the varying manifestations during the war with old Spain.

When we look over the sphere of justice as represented by an observance of law, what better can be said than that we have whole centres of civilization fit to be the laughing-stock of effete Europe and Asia? That rarest form of American humorist—the lyncher—derives the keenest of pleasurable sensations from the solemn law and the antics of modern legislatures. Nobody feels insulted at the dictates of a boss. We love clowns; the very incongruity of their appearance in the political field strikes us as irresistibly funny. Here tolerance from a busy people unfortunately means applause. Those who see the early downfall of the boss need the elixir of immortal life to behold that consummation.

As for manners, we are quickly rated, for we have none. We are ostentatious donors, lavish entertainers, grave hosts or gay; but the little Sicilian who sells you the morning *Taller* has you beaten for *savoir faire*. Your forms may be impeccable, your courtesy exquisite, your breeding enviable; but so long as a democracy leads the monarchies of the world in snobbery, it cannot be said to have manners. The barbarous criticism on the greatest living ruler for daring to break bread with a negro is enough to make any being with a grain of manhood in his soul blush for his

race. If the Northerner, moreover, is disposed to gloat over the Southerner herein, let him compare the treatment of Jew by Gentile when the former is less than banker.

Phenomena like the above are serious, but they are not perplexing. They are the signs of youth. They are the savageries of boyhood, the cruelties of strength, the penalties of bounding blood. We shall perhaps never eradicate them; but we can modify them. Some of our institutions may be altered beyond recognition. Who cares? We are not to be deceived by the fallacy that inno-

cence is virtue; we must try everything, even if the grown-ups make wry faces. We know that we have marvellous enduring and recuperative powers. That nature has been rough with others cannot scare us from vast designs. There may be warning signs of nervous fag; but we are nothing if not puzzling, observed, unique. Our experiences will be of immense value to posterity and will inspire—or caution—destinies. If it all ends to-morrow, we have had our share in the mighty play; and we die young—very young.

PHILIP BECKER GOETZ.

Books Reviewed—Fact and Fiction

This * is a story economical in number of characters. There are a United States Senator (Dawes), a millionaire promoter (J. J. J.), his niece, daughter of the aforesaid Senator (Mrs. Corlis); the niece's husband

"The Mills of Man." Is this the long-sought great American novel?

(W. H. D. Corlis), a former government clerk at Washington, now promoted to an important position by the millionaire for the sake of his beloved niece. Then come a newspaper reporter (Miss

Ruggles) with ideals, a woman stock-broker (Hildegard), and a Chicago ward boss (McBride), and a governor of the State (Randolph Ransom). Most of the action takes place at Chicago during a State political campaign. Now we may regard the chessboard as set, and may disregard the pawns; the game begins. It is the game of politics, and Mr. Payne, whoever he may be, moves his pieces into extremely interesting positions, as sometimes it occurs in a political campaign. And true to life, the millionaire uncle, J. J. Jarrett, is the power behind all; he reads all men passing well, is gently cynical, believes in justice, but, above all, loves his niece, and his chief object in life is to make her happy. Meanwhile he plays successfully the game of balancing finance and accumulating money, fully believing that with the power of his millions he can act the part of a just Providence.

The Senator seeks re-election when he is now an old man; his son-in-law seeks election in order to form some gigantic financial deal with valuable franchises virtually stolen; the boss, Mike McBride, seems to support Mr. Corlis, but is too shrewd to get into any trap, recognizing Corlis as weak from vanity and

unprincipled; the daughter, Mrs. Corlis, a successful leader of society at Washington and Newport, although privately aware that she has not a year to live, throws herself wholly into the game to assist her father and husband.

The old Senator, who, with all his show of high principle, had always been accommodating himself to the exigencies of political life, now finds new conditions, new forces to fight, chief of these the boss and the trust. He is forced more than ever to compromise his former avowed principles. Then steps in the Governor, a former suitor of Mrs. Corlis, to oppose the Senator. So this incomparable society woman has these warring elements to reconcile—her husband, who lies to her; Mike McBride, the ward boss, who is brutal in politics, but with much good in him, as evinced in private life; the weak old man, her father; the hostile Governor; a personal friend of the Senator; and the woman stock-broker, who seeks revenge upon Mr. Corlis for past personal wrong. The situation is uncommonly interesting, and the author manages it with skill. His descriptions of the bodies and souls of his characters are painstaking and minute. One can see that he has carefully pondered the elements of his tale, and the moves on his chessboard of events are according to the rules of the game. J. J. Jarrett, the millionaire uncle, is always on some square to cry "Check!" when justice requires. Take this portrait of him in the words of the author:

"John James Jarrett, familiarly referred to by his admiring or envious fellow-citizens as J. J. J., was a very plain American. He wore perpetually baggy trousers and an old gray slouch hat; and, until his identity became too well known to be mistaken, he preferred travelling in a common coach along with the rest

*"The Mills of Man." By PHILIP PAYNE. Rand. McNally & Co. \$1.50.

of the public. Of late years such indulgence had been impossible. J. J. J. had become too well known. His unique personality was unmistakable, so much so that before ten sentences had been exchanged, some numskull was sure to remark:

"Excuse me, sir, but you're the everlasting photograph of that old skinflint, J. J. Jarrett, big bug of the Transcontinental and Pacific."

"Whereupon J. J. J. would cholericly retort:

"No, I ain't, you fool; I'm the old skinflint himself."

"He was a strange man, the world declared, and verily he looked the part. His short body was foreshortened by his breadth, though little flesh lay upon his frame. His chest was the bellows for a giant, and his arms had a gorilla's length. The head fitted to this peculiar body was picturesque. The forehead was like a wall, and from its summit backward the straight brown hair, thickly streaked with gray, descended like a royal mane between big, outcropping ears to the velvet collar of his coat. The countenance beneath that Periclean expanse of forehead contained crude force in blocks. What it expressed besides was a genius for duplicity. The jaw was massive, the cheek-bones rugged, the nose obtrusive, but the bristling eyebrows were curled ingenuously; and the dark eyes themselves, brilliant as jewels, sharp as points of steel, were always on the watch. Yet in the face was something more—something elusive, wistful, always unutterably sad."

The author goes on in this way to the extent of several pages, with the result that you thoroughly know J. J. J. With all his principal characters Mr. Payne is equally careful. They stand out vividly from his pages. They become acquaintances. In addition to his unusual power of characterization, we note his dialogue. It is never dull, it is never insignificant. By it the story moves on.

There are a few strong, even great, episodes in the book. The State Democratic (or was it Republican?) Convention is an uncommonly stirring piece of exciting description.

As to other things, the author does not shirk the task of attempting to solve some important social problems, *scil.*, the function of an aristocracy in America, of the millionaire—the *deus ex machina*—in the realms of finance and government, of the "machine" in popular government, of the place of woman in politics, and other like questions. With a

facile and facetious pen, Mr. Payne puts forth the conclusions of careful thought. All his actors, good and evil, in the play appear to agree that politics is corrupt, but all have a hearty contempt for the "yappers" for reform, who are regarded as weak and venal, or else incapable of organized effort. Unhappily this is generally true.

It may not be extravagant to say that this book is a fair advance in the process of the evolution of the American novel. Mr. Payne deals with American social action with an American understanding. If he has been unable to give any final answer to the problems of Newport and Wall Street, of Washington and the local political machines, it may be pointed out that all that we are, all our conditions of life and thought socially, politically, industrially, and financially are in a stage of transition. We do not at the present know whether we have an aristocracy; and if we have, how much of a pedigree it should possess, or whether it will be of wealth or of military power and rank. We are in a confusion—where money talks. This much, however, our author makes poor Mrs. Corlis utter, at the beginning of the episode which is the theme of the book, and also at the end. The moral quality alone justifies life.

"She was no longer impressed by unassailable virtue nor by the immaculate states maintained. What she esteemed was the persistence after good, a persistence found as often in one station as in another, in the slums as frequently as on the Avenue, displayed as often by persons discredited as by those approved in the world's regard, to be seen sometimes in citizens prone, and sometimes to be missed in gentlemen confirmed, in a conceit of virtue."

This passage fairly represents the more ripened conclusions of the author's reflections giving the story a quality which is the promise that so good and careful a piece of work shall not be of ephemeral popularity, since its literary form is marked by both clever analysis of men individually and in aggregations, and incontestable dramatic spirit.

CHARLES JAMES WOOD.

The many friends of Miss Marie Manning have awaited with interest the appearance of her second book, "Judith of the Plains,"* and such interest has now been well rewarded: though any expectation higher than that of

* "Judith of the Plains." By MARIE MANNING. Harper & Brothers.

interest must be somewhat disappointed, because her attempt to perpetrate serious work—laudable enough in itself—has resulted in merely a loosely hung together series of western reminiscences strongly suggestive of "The Virginian," and by no means as satisfactory an entertainment as was Miss Manning's first book, "Lord Alingham, Bankrupt." "Story?

God bless you, I have none to tell you!" might easily be considered a convenient key-note to "Judith of the Plains"; the author herself admitting her intention to be not so much a novel as a preserving of certain phases of western life, worthy of record, that are rapidly becoming extinct.

To insist on the fact that Miss Manning forsakes her own best self when she wishes to be considered seriously, does not necessarily decry her capabilities or suggest a limitation of range. Yet, indicative signs cannot but be noted; and Miss Manning at her best is so inimitable as to make one selfishly desire that she should remain stranded at high water mark. There are so many misfit people in this poor old world of ours, that when a writer has an unquestioned ability in one particular direction, a new and unnecessary departure cannot but be deplored. Miss Manning is pre-eminently apt at epigrammatic situations and ping-pong talk. But her characterization is always so reproductive,—not creative,—that the choice of her subject becomes of vital importance: and, like most humorists, unless the strongest appeal is made to her own immediate sense of humor, the embellishment of her characters—as, for example, in the case of the insistent Mrs. Yellett—becomes overwrought and strenuous to the last undesirable degree.

Phases of the English and American society life that Miss Manning knows so well, fluctuations of clever repartee, mocking drollery that is spontaneous, out and out wit,—all these make a fortress of strength behind which can be safely hidden weakness of plot construction, conscientious humor, slight psychological penetration, and disjointed tragics. Therefore, it cannot but be hoped that in any future work Miss Manning will resume the discarded but familiar rôle in which she is best known and loved because of her exceeding excellence.

ISABEL MOORE.

In her "Old Chester Tales," followed by "Dr. Lavender's People,"* Mrs. Deland has produced both an inimitable series of short stories and a code of living. The code is simply, "Be brave and keep your troubles to yourself," but it is matter for gratitude that Mrs. Deland has given it to us in amplified form, illuminated by keen character drawing. It is good, too, to find that of the two collections, the second equals if not excels the first.

The level arrived at in "Good for the Soul" is reached again in "The Note," in which Dr. Lavender violates a legal technicality in

order to give poor, cheap, commonplacely sinful Algy Keen a chance to go on saving his own soul, and in the "Exceeding High Mountain" over which Robert Gray's homely, faithful, unpleasant second wife finds her way to gentleness. Wonderful stories are these two, but no less wonderful in their different way are those charming comedies, "The Grasshopper and the Ant," in which penniless, lavish Lydia Sampson escapes from her re-engagement to thrifty William Rives, and "The Apotheosis of the Reverend Mr. Spangler," in which a good, lazy, narrow, faint-hearted clerical gentleman, who is half afraid to double his responsibilities by marrying the lady of his choice, finally rises to the heroism of offering to support not only a wife but an idle brother-in-law and his unexpectedly acquired helpmeet. As for "The Stuffed Animal House," with its painful subject and painful yet inconclusive end, it is perhaps finest of all in its note of heroism. "You can't escape; we can't save you from it," Dr. Lavender says to the high-strung woman who has suddenly found herself "trapped" by an incurable disease. "But there is one thing you can do: you can try to spare the pain of it to other people. Set yourself, Miss Harriet, to make it as easy as you can for those who stand by."

There, in her own words, is Mrs. Deland's advice, given sometimes laughingly, sometimes sternly, to a world in which pain so often seems the most incontrovertible fact. Her pity, like Dr. Lavender's, offers no condolences, "Nothing but the high charge to spare others—'Make it as easy as possible for those who stand by.'" MARY TRACY EARLE.

*"Dr. Lavender's People." By MARGARET DELAND. Illustrated by Lucius Hitchcock. Harper & Brothers \$1.50.

The Book-Buyer's Guide

ART AND ARCHITECTURE

Desmond-Croly—Stately Homes in America. By Harry W. Desmond and Herbert Croly. Appleton. \$7.00.

A sumptuous volume, recording with appropriate full-page illustrations the progress of the most costly types of domestic architecture in this country from Mount Vernon to the modern palaces of Newport and Long Island. The treatment of the subject is popular, though well-informed.

Gilbert—In Beauty's Realm. By C. Allan Gilbert. Fox, Duffield & Co. \$4.50.

Drawings of many types of contemporary beauty, some of which are reproduced from *Life*. They are accompanied by appropriate poetical selections from writers of various periods.

Newton—A Book of Country Houses. By Ernest Newton. Lane. \$7.50 net.

An account of nineteen new country houses built in England during the last ten years, with drawings and plans making in all sixty-two large full-page plates. The book has been prepared for the sake of the suggestions it offers to house-builders, professional and amateur. The author, who is an architect, emphasizes as the most practical requirements structural soundness, convenience of arrangement, air, and sunlight, and warns against "freaks."

The Art Portfolio of The International Studio.

Sixteen pictures covering a great variety of theme and treatment and mounted on cardboard ready for hanging.

BIOGRAPHY

Boynton—Bret Harte. By Henry W. Boynton. ("Contemporary Men of Letters Series.") McClure. \$0.75 net.

We have no fault to find with Mr. Boynton's literary work. His comprehension is complete, his touch sure though light. In a word his sketch is accurate and vivid. Yet what a pity that he could not have left some of poor Bret Harte's failings and sins covered up, at least for a few years, till we that knew him should be dead and probably seeing the eternal equation! "T is a pity!

Brady—Sir Henry Morgan, Buccaneer. By Cyrus Townsend Brady. Dillingham. \$1.50.

Sir Henry was not "the mildest mannered man that ever scuttled ship or cut a throat," being a pirate of the bloodiest and most brutal type, and he appears in his true colors in this "romance of the Spanish Main." He finally died in his bed, but Mr. Brady does not let him off so comfortably.

Festing—On the Distaf Side. By Gabrielle Festing. Pott. \$1.50.

Here are four careful studies, four characterizations of types of great ladies: Elizabeth, Countess of Shrewsbury (died 1608), Elizabeth, Countess of Northumberland (died 1690), Elizabeth Percy, Duchess of Somerset (died 1722), and the Princess Amelia Eleanora Sophia, who died in 1786. The topic has not been overworked, the style of author is good, and her learning fresh and genuine.

Greenslet—Walter Pater. By Ferris Greenslet. ("Contemporary Men of Letters Series.") McClure. \$0.75 net.

Mr. Greenslet's study is not so much a life or memoir as a sympathetic characterization. It takes a fine culture to appreciate the fineness and delicacy of Pater's work. This Mr. Greenslet in large measure has, so his brochure is well wrought without being marred by preciosity.

Hume—The Love Affairs of Mary Queen of Scots: a Political History. By Martin Hume. McClure. \$4.00 net.

An incursion to the extent of five hundred pages into an inexhaustible field of historical controversy. It is "specially as a politician" that Mary is regarded, "the question of how good, or how bad, she was as a woman" being kept as much as possible in the background. Her misfortune was that her diplomacy was not successful. "Murder was at that time almost as legitimate an instrument of policy as matrimony"; and the murderers who accomplished their political ends were exalted and honored, though their guilt was known to everybody. So it would have been with Mary if she had attained the goal of her ambition. The author knows that many of his conclusions will be challenged; but his one object has been "to elucidate the influence exercised, in the most critical period of modern history, by the management of her love affairs by the most pathetically interesting woman in the annals of her country."

Oberholtzer—Robert Morris, Patriot and Financier. Macmillan. \$1.50.

A well-written biography of one of the most noted public characters of the Revolutionary period, largely drawn from the valuable Morris papers recently acquired by the Library of Congress, and far more complete and interesting than the only previous biography of any note, for which this important material in sixteen manuscript volumes was not available.

FICTION

Adeler—In Happy Hollow. By Max Adeler. Coates. \$1.25.

A humorous love story in twenty chapters. Happy Hollow is a country town which the

writer enters as teacher in Dr. Bulfinch's Classical and Mathematical Academy. He has many lively experiences with school-boys, and journalism and labor strikes also figure in the record, as well as a congressional election in which Colonel Bantam is a candidate.

Anthony—Four in Hand. A Story of Smart Life in New York and at a Country Club. By Geraldine Anthony. Appleton. \$1.50.

The diction of this story is decent. The story is not too depraved. The interest is sustained but, after all, why is it written? The author does not join Colonel Watterson and Dowie, but mildly reveals things that are morally askew. The very rich are not all degenerate or depraved. Like any other class, some of them are good, some bad, and others "middling," as the author shows.

Atwater—Holt of Heathfield. By Caroline A. Atwater. Macmillan. \$1.50.

This is an easily read story of a Presbyterian preacher who had advanced social views and doctrines, and of a young woman of his flock who determined not, like the other spinsters of that congregation to fall in love with him. But she did. And thereby hangs the tale.

Baldwin—Sibyl; or, Old School Friends. By May Baldwin. Lippincott. \$1.25.

A sequel to "A Popular Girl." Chapter I. is entitled, "American Manners" and opens at the doors of the Lyceum Theatre, with a conversation between Miss Potter, the richest American in England, and Lord Ernest Vassall. The story leads through a girls' club in the East End, the House of Commons, the Academy private view, Cambridge, a *schloss* on the Continent, etc., and relates the ups and downs of a career which ends happily in the last chapter.

Brown—Truth and a Woman. By Anna Robeson Brown. Stone. \$1.00.

A book that seems to have been written to show the incompatibility of the two nouns mentioned in the title. The story is fairly well-written, yet not well enough to justify the very crude and impossible plot. Mrs. Brown is not a Mrs. Humphry Ward, to invest with emotion and dramatic force the old contrast between believer and non-believer, and Mary Langland's tragedy has little psychological significance.

Corbin—The First Loves of Perilla. By John Corbin. Fox, Duffield & Co. \$1.00.

A daintily printed booklet, containing a short story in which the New York drama figures prominently.

Deeping—Uther and Igraine. By Warwick Deeping. Outlook Co. \$1.50.

An historical novel, beginning with the destruction of a British abbey by Saxon invaders when Rome was loosening her hold upon the country. The romance, which stirs with the

adventure befitting those troubled times, travels from Winchester to Wales and thence to Tintagel.

Gaines—Gorgo. A Romance of Old Athens. By Charles K. Gaines, Ph. Lothrop. \$1.50.

Professor Gaines has written a story of reincarnation, but of something other also. It is filled with archaeological and historical learning, to say nothing of Athenian politics, of love, and of war. Lycias Alcibiades, Socrates, Nicias, and other worthies of old Greek days walk and talk through the pages.

Lyon—Prudence Pratt. By Mrs. Doré Lyon. Blackburne. \$1.50.

Prudence Pratt was only the chaperon in this not very complicated love-story, which aims to be a "smart" picture of fashionable New York life. Rather a commonplace romance with about the usual quota of obstacles and misunderstandings, and singularly lacking in the modern atmosphere the author has striven to achieve.

Malone—Sons of Vengeance. By Joseph S. Malone. Revell. \$1.50.

A tale of the Kentucky mountaineers, illustrating especially the wilder life of a country where family feuds are a normal condition. The conflict between the law and illicit stills is also depicted, and, by contrast, something is shown of the work of school and meeting-house.

Milecete—The Career of Mrs. Osborne. By Helen Milecete. Smart Set Pub. Co. \$1.50.

No one who wants a bit of cheerful reading will be disappointed in this story. Fresh in plot, always in good spirits, bright in dialogue, and ingenious in situations, these characterize this light story made to amuse for an hour.

Munn—The Path of Stars. By Margaret Crosby Munn. Dodd, Mead & Co. \$1.50.

So high is the imaginative pitch of this book that it is hardly to be read in broad daylight. Within a setting of contemporary New York, the story is nevertheless not the least in the world concerned with local color or types, but with the development of an ideal love between practically its only two characters: Valentine Lanfrey, the singer, who through sorrow loses her voice and through love regains it; and Waldo Laurence, a kind of Christian mystic, who has acquired the power literally to take upon himself the sorrows and the suffering of others. The people in this curious story are prescient, clairvoyant, and speak a mystical language. There are few happenings and no plot intricacies, the interest being purely subjective. The author has employed a certain rhapsodic style which helps to suggest that her theme is perhaps better suited to poetry than to prose. However, she has produced an unusual and distinctly striking book.

Rhoades—Silver Linings. By Nina Rhoades. McClure. \$1.50.

Dedicated to Helen Keller, one may anticipate what to find in this story of a blind girl. In parts the narrative is painful, but it turns out happily. As a psychological study of the character of one born blind it possesses a certain serious interest apart from the tale.

Sears—The Circle in the Square. By Baldwin Sears. A. S. Barnes & Co. \$1.50.

Although this novel contains a detailed study of Southern social conditions, this element is not permitted to overshadow the romantic interest which is the book's chief concern. But it is, after all, not so infrequently that one comes across a commendable love-story, while rare indeed and distinctly worthy of attention by readers of whatever section of the country is such a dispassionate yet extremely vivid picture as this, of a Southern town of to-day, with its social, political, and racial problems, its grotesque, outworn machinery of government, its defiant ignorance of its own crumbling state. But it should be said that the author is first of all an artist, and his story not a vehicle for convictions or prejudices. Sincerity and genuine feeling rather than intellectual preconceptions have been brought to bear upon his work.

It is the fashion nowadays for novelists who attempt to penetrate below the surface to study their characters as influenced by conditions outside themselves. Mr. Sears has adopted the reverse method in his interesting study of Shan Morgan, who develops in a manner becoming a hero. And passively sweet as she may appear, the influence of Sara upon Shan has, subtly enough, more verisimilitude than if she were a stronger character; such is the artist's penetration. Noteworthy is that grim study of warped maternal affection exhibited in Sara's mother, while Jef Sims is an admirable comedy character. Much less successful is the too conventional adventure.

Sherwood—Daphne: an Autumn Pastoral. By Margaret Sherwood. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. \$1.00.

The scene of this prose idyl is laid in modern Italy. Daphne is an American girl, brought over by her sister, a contessa, and living in a country house in the neighborhood of Rome. Ancient mythology is blended with the love story which ensues.

Sidney—Sally, Mrs. Tubbs. By Margaret Sidney. Lothrop Publishing Co. \$1.00.

It is plain to even the beginner in the study of occultism that the same cosmic wave on which Mrs. Wiggs rode to prosperity, has washed up "Sally, Mrs. Tubbs." Mrs. Margaret Sidney, author of the "Five Little Peppers," is so firmly enthroned in the hearts of all children that any refusal to love her and her creations would be the rankest *deser majesté*. Sallie marries "Bijah" because she is forty-nine, and

feels that she will be an old maid if she "strides fifty unmarried," and then she supports him, and resents sympathy on the ground that "'Bijah didn't want to git married, an' 'taint fair to pile things onto him."

Hers is not the only love story in the book, for Mrs. Tubbs is the friend and laundress of Miss Violet Van Wyck at "the Hotel," and helps her in her heart complications. The story, with Mrs. Tubbs's aid, ends comfortably, and the right man, who is rich but good, wins the day. The book is generously dedicated to "all who love simplicity, truth, and cheerfulness."

Warner—West Point Colors. By Anna B. Warner. Revell. \$1.50.

A story of West Point, tracing the experiences of a cadet from his nomination to the graduating parade. Miss Warner has had expert assistance in the matter of technicalities, but she declined the suggestion of her cadet friends to use a certain tactical officer as "villain" and constructed a plot of her own. Almost every incident, however, happened to some cadet or other at some time or other.

POETRY AND VERSE

Clifford—Songs of Dreams. By Ethel Clifford. London: John Lane. \$1.25 net.

The title which this volume from overseas bears is very fitly bestowed. There is scarcely a selection that does not fulfil the characterization thus given. It is a dream-world we enter with the singer, whose clues (as is so often the case with our dream-guides) we cannot always follow clearly. But there is abundant glamour, an attribution of haunting presences, fascinating from under half-cover of the familiar features of the singers' native landscape. There is a communing with the legendary, unseen denizens of field, and wood, and streamside, which has much of the reviving Celtic feeling in it. Therefore it is that we are beguiled along these pages, here, by a mysterious "Heath-Maid" who

"Goes with small light feet,
Where flowers and woods grow free
With her head thrown up and her hair afloat,
And her sudden look for me,

—and now, it is the genie of Fire, compelled from the Stone, that calls into life an awed expectancy on the part of the reader.

The poet makes frequent and usually effective use of the refrain (and what so befitting in "Songs of Dreams" as the refrain?). We quote in evidence.

Henley—A Song of Speed. By W. E. Henley. London: David Nutt. 50 cts.

There is deepest significance,—there is pathetic poignancy—in the title, even, of this astonishing poem, which we must receive as the swan-song of this master of tingling and

all-compelling impetuosity in verse. The imagination of the reader, borne on the swirling current of the measure, past panoramic shores of startling imagery, feels, progressively, in every line, the pull of the outgoing tide of life with a corresponding splendid concentration of the powers of genius taking farewell of time. "A Song of Speed" is a lyric *sursum corda*, which finally rises on swan-wings and leaves the earth altogether, carrying, also, the spirit of the listener.

But in this marvellous poetic rhapsody of something over five hundred lines, with all the implied impassioned rush towards the Outer Sea, the lover and singer of his native earth displays still his fine faculty of reproducing with a mere stroke the familiar landscape, with suggestion of its human association. Is it possible that certain readers of "A Song of Speed" will take its exalted strains for a mere apotheosis of the realistic and the mechanistic methods and achievements of the age? Such may adduce the passage in praise of the "marvellous Mercedes." Let such not lose sight of the context and the spiritualized argument as to the *rationale* of the rapidly multiplying "discoveries" in the world of science and of material results. Henley's has been accounted the muse of the actual and the strenuous, of the concrete, and of the physically forceful. But in this, his chant of the *Nunc Dimittis*, something of apocalyptic sight has joined itself to poetic vision; and we might fancifully say that he has been taken quickly from us lest he reveal too much,—divulging some as yet unready secret of the heavens at which our poet hints. It might be observed that other recent remarkable verse has been touched with a sense as of participation "in His dream," and the breathless expectation of the "miracle." But who if not the poets should be the efficient "adepts and servants" of oncoming Revelation?

Herbert—Between the Lights. By Alice Herbert. London: John Lane. \$1.00 net.

Reverie and gentle regret—regret seldom thrilled with the cadence of vehement passion—characterize this small volume of verse. The reader is touched not only by the suggestion carried in the plaintive Dedication, "To one who will not read my book," etc. but, again and again, throughout the little volume, in "The Widow," "To One Beloved," "The Wood," and other poems, the keynote of pain, of bereavement, of loss, is struck with a quite personal vibration. "That which Was Lost" is a delicate lyric in more hopeful vein. "A Spring Song," being brief, yet characteristic, we may quote entire:

"Your love may go when skies are grey
(Too frail a thing for Winter's breath!)
Or when the gold and red decay
Of Autumn sighs of change and death.

"But if you leave me now, my lover,
Now while the mating thrushes sing
And violets breathe from every cover,
How shall I live and bear the Spring?"

Miller—As It Was in the Beginning. By Joaquin Miller. San Francisco: The Whitaker & Ray Co. \$1.00 net.

In a naïve "Prefatory Postscript" the poet gives the reader to understand that "As It Was in the Beginning" was called into being by the tocsin note—"the divine audacity and San Juan valor"—of him who has lately lifted his voice in lament for "Race Suicide." And that no possible mistake may be made as to the *primum mobile* of the poet's inspiration, the latter has caused (or has suffered at the behest of a popularity-seeking publisher) to be used as the device on the cover of his book one of the most exquisitely tasteless designs that the annals of book-making have ever witnessed!

Having thus sounded protest, lamenting that the undoubted Muse should have been forced, in this manner, to play at Harlequin, we turn to the happier task of examining the right royal gifts which she bears in liberal hands. Perhaps, indeed, we should be thankful for any occasion, however uninspired, that has evoked the long-silent voice of one of America's clearest-titled of yet living singers; for as such we must account the bard of the Sierras and of the Sundown Seas. And, since our course may be vindicated by no less an authority than Lowell, who directs to put all our Morals in our living and our Beauty in our verse, we are taking the liberty of ignoring, in "As It Was in the Beginning," the special castigatory purpose for which it is specified to have been written, and to confine our attention to the splendid "output" in pure poetry which Mr. Miller's latest volume affords. There are passages, descriptive and graphic, ranging for their theme from the Klondike to Japan and the Hawaiian Islands, that equal, and sometimes even excel, the work for which our poet reaped golden opinion both in his own land and in the Old World a score of years, or longer, ago. For the *Iliad* and *Odyssey* of Adventure and hardship in the New North are sung as they are not like to be sung again, in our poet-traveller's presentment, in this book, of savage nature, of monstrous conditions, of infinite paradox in the changes of day and night, of organic life, driven down to its last entrenchments;—of all which he has himself been part, in his sojourn in the Klondike. The vividness of touch in all these descriptions reminds us of the same quality in the "Rhyme of The Ancient Mariner." The influence of the moon is characterized thus:

"The vast vehement stark mad moon."

When great torch-tipping stars stand forth
Five-horned, as marshalled for the fight
Against glad Resurrecting Light."

The first intimations of the half-year of day
are thus realistically given:

"The dogs sat down, men sat the sled
And watched the flush, the blush of red.
The little woolly dogs, they knew,

Yet scarce knew what they were about.
They thrust their noses up and out,
They drank the light, what else to do?
Their little feet, so worn, so true,
Could scarce keep quiet for delight."

Whether the scope and purpose of "As It Was in the Beginning" engage the reader's interest, or otherwise, Cantos V., VI., and VII. cannot be ignored for their many wondrous picture-painting felicities, and for the rhythm of true poetry which beats along the lines.

Streamers—Perverted Proverbs. By Col. D. Streamer. R. H. Russell. \$1.00.

There is infinite gusto, an infectious rollicking humor, great verbal nimbleness, and a keen if audacious wit, in the pages of "Perverted Proverbs." There is, withal, many a timely sly thrust at the perfunctory tribe of aphorisms which have been enjoined upon us since our nonage, and which we still quote piously. Smugness and moral complacency are the inevitable target towards which his inevitable shot is directed:

"'One must be poor,' George Eliot said,
'To know the luxury of giving.'
So, too, one really should be dead
To realize the joy of living.
(I'd sooner be—I don't know which—
I'd like to be alive and rich!)"

Behind this mask of Momus we discern the lineaments of a scholar, a genial and travelled flaneur, and a "good fellow," loving his kind, while satirizing the common foibles and inconsistencies of his subject.

THEOLOGY AND RELIGION

Anselm—Proslogium (with Gaunilo's Appendix), Monologium, and Cur Deus Homo. By St. Anselm. Translated by Sidney Norton Deane. Open Court Co. 50 cts.

A translation of the most important theological and philosophical writings of St. Anselm, with brief introduction and bibliography, but without notes. This volume forms No. 54 of the "Religion of Science Library."

Augustine—The City of God. By St. Augustine. Translated by John Healey. Dent. \$1.50.

A three-volume edition, with brief notes. It forms part of the "Temple Classics," and is printed in the well-known style of that series. The three frontispieces are from the pictures of St. Augustine by Botticelli and Lippi, and Fra Angelico's "Dancing Souls."

Booth—After Prison—What? By Maude Ballington Booth. Revell. \$1.25.

Mrs. Booth, with entire devotion, addresses herself to answer this one of our questions of heaviest social responsibility. It is clear that our prison system, whether regarded as primitive or reformatory, does not accomplish much good to the prisoner or to society. Yet we thoughtlessly continue it. The Volunteer

(Salvation) Army in America has made an effort to rescue discharged prisoners and in this book Mrs. Booth describes her experiences and methods.

Gordon—Ultimate Conceptions of Faith. By George A. Gordon. Houghton. \$1.30.

By these "Ultimate Conceptions" Dr. Gordon means: Personality, Humanity, Optimism, Jesus Christ, Moral Universe, God. In this work as in others we find original and suggestive thought without verbosity of expression. We might say that there is a prodigality of ideas only such a case could not be. The religious inquirer may find the book helpful, and the sermoniser discover a thousand seed thoughts.

Jowett—Socrates: Plato's Apology of Socrates Crito, and part of the Phædo. Translated by Benjamin Jowett. Century Co. \$1.50

A reprint, in tasteful printing and binding, of those sections of Jowett's translation of Plato that reveal most fully the character of Socrates. An extract from Jowett's comment on the "Apology" forms the introduction. This book appears in "The Thumb-Nail Series."

Lao-Tze—The Canon of Reason and Virtue. By Lao-Tze. Translated by Dr. Paul Carus. Open Court Co. 25 cts. net.

Some time ago Dr. Carus published an edition of the "Tao Teh King" of Lao-Tze, consisting of the Chinese text, an introduction, a translation, etc. In this booklet the translation is reprinted by itself, as No. 55 of the "Religion of Science Library." It is issued in this form with the purpose of becoming "a witness to the religious spirit and philosophical depth of a foreign nation whose habits, speech, and dress are strange to us."

Singer and Others—The Jewish Encyclopedia. Vol. V. Isadore Singer, Editor. Funk & Wagnalls. \$7.00.

We are glad to announce the appearance of the fifth of the twelve volumes of this most valuable and truly monumental work. The fifth volume goes from "Dreyfus" to "Goat." The quality of scholarship leaves little or nothing to be desired. Careful editorial supervision is everywhere evident. While awaiting the completion of the work for a general review, we do meanwhile sincerely express our appreciation of this very valuable work.

Van Dyke—Joy and Power. By Henry Van Dyke. Crowell. 75 cts. net.

A religious gift-book, bearing as its sub-title, "Three Messages with One Meaning," and consisting of an address given at the opening of the last Presbyterian General Assembly and addresses delivered last summer on the Baccalaureate Sundays at Princeton and Harvard. The title of the book is taken from the first of these, and indicates the general drift of the discourses, which show how Dr. Van Dyke conceives the relation of faith and practice.

TRAVEL AND DESCRIPTION

Dawson—The South American Republics. By Thomas C. Dawson. Putnam. \$1.50 net.

A timely and valuable addition to "The Story of the Nations," by one who, from his long connection with the United States Legation in Brazil, was eminently qualified for dealing with "the tangle of events called South American history." The present volume, devoted to Argentina, Paraguay, Uruguay, and Brazil, is to be followed by another, completing the subject.

Davitt—Within the Pale. The True Story of Anti-Semitic Persecution in Russia. By Michael Davitt. Barnes & Co. \$1.20 net.

This is a straightforward, unvarnished account, not only of the Kishineff atrocities, but of the Jews who live within the Pale of Settlement in Russia—that "vast Ghetto of the Empire"—under Russian jurisdiction, or, it were truer to say, outside of it. Mr. Davitt visited Russia and was at pains to get the Russian opinion which guides him in his lucid sketch of the history of the Russian Hebrews, and also primarily in his relation of their persecution. The conclusion is that there is no help for the Jew in Russia. The Russians themselves admit it; the attitude of government, press, clergy, people, is one of contempt for Jewish rights. The causes Mr. Davitt exploits, and advocates, reasonably enough, the Zionist solution; his plea for the richer and more fortunate Jews and Gentiles of all lands to help these miserably poor Hebrews to Palestine is forcible. It seems the only way out of a deplorable, indeed impossible, state of affairs. In the Appendices are letters from Tolstoy and Maxime Gorky, and President Roosevelt's statement concerning the Kishineff massacres and the Jew in general.

Johnson—The Land of Heather. By Clifton Johnson. Macmillan. \$2.00 net.

A pleasant, gossiping record of rambles in Scotland, mostly in the rural districts, including Drumtochty and "Thrums," made

memorable by Ian Maclaren and Barrie; also among the crofters of Skye, and through the Burns country; with abundant illustrations from photographs and sketches by the author.

Letters from a Chinese Official: Being an Eastern View of Western Civilization. New York: McClure, Phillips & Co. \$1.00

This little book of seventy-five pages professes to be the work of a native Chinese, who spent some years in England. It is, in all probability, one of the many instances—of which we have several ambitious specimens on our shelves—of Westerners' ventriloquizing, of an Englishman writing what he imagines a Chinese ought to write. It is not easy to imitate real Chinese thought, nor does the literary form and style in this brochure give any suggestion of a Chinaman's way of thinking—even after he has been educated in Europe. We have read too many writings of Chinamen using English to think otherwise in this case. Briefly stated, the thesis is that Chinese civilization is ethical, western civilization is an economic chaos. The social order of China is purely Confucian and unshakable, the Occidental idea of society is a caricature of the teachings of the Galilean peasant who was an ideal founder of religion, but potentially the worst sort of a ruler that could be imagined. Such anonymous writings are hardly worth publication or reading by the serious student of the Chinese, but may be suggestive to the average American, who is densely and almost invincibly ignorant concerning the Chinese and their well-tested civilization.

Richardson—Vacation Days in Greece. By Rufus B. Richardson. Scribner. \$1.50.

Mainly a reprint of articles written for certain periodicals during the author's eleven years in Greece, where he was the director of the American School at Athens; a delightful account of excursions in many parts of the country seldom visited by tourists. Visits to Sicily, once an important possession of Hellas, and to Dalmatia, largely colonized by the ancient Greeks, are added, with maps and illustrations.

(For list of books Received see third page following.)

